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CESNOLA'S CYPRIOTE ANTIQUITIES.*



(Fig. 1.) LARNACA, CYPRUS.

THE Cesnola Collection of Cypriote Antiquities," belonging to the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art, as has been well said by Mr. John Taylor Johnston, the accomplished President of the Museum, "forms the most complete illustration of the history of ancient art and civilization, revolutionizing some of the theories of art. It contains the first known works of Phœnician art, which introduce the Phœnicians as the teachers of the Etruscans. They are the key to the origin and development of Greek civilization, and illustrate the international encounter of races and arts in Cyprus, and the manner in which the civilization, religion, and arts of the East were transmitted to and

adopted by the Greeks. And thus they determine the place of Greece in the history of art."

These precious remains of art cover a period of fully fifteen hundred years, otherwise an almost entire blank, beginning not later than the eighteenth century before Christ, to which date is assigned the colossal head found at Golgoi. No European museum boasts so ancient a statue, the oldest heretofore known being some from Assyria and Egypt, from four to eight centuries later. In the Cesnola collection are several other statues probably nearly as old as the Colossus. The Golgoi "find" of ancient statuary is the greatest ever laid bare in a single locality. The collection of ancient fictile Greek Art is by far the richest in existence, surpassing even the famous Kertch collection of Greek antiques, said to have been made by the royal collector, Mithridates the Great, which

* CYPRUS: Its Ancient Cities, Tombs, and Temples. A Narrative of Researches and Excavations during ten years' Residence in that Island. By General Louis Palma di Cesnola. With Maps and numerous Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1878.

has at last found a fit resting-place in the Imperial Museum at St. Petersburg. The collection of Greek and Phœnician glassware is the largest in existence, and wholly unique. The vases, of which there are more than ten thousand, present wholly new features in the history of local pottery, illustrating the progress of local ceramic art for a period of more than twenty centuries. More striking than all, however, are the treasures from the temple vault at Curium, the most precious single discovery of ancient art ever made. The engraved gems alone are a revelation of the history of the glyptic art, while the handiwork in gold and silver is unsurpassed in design and exquisite execution.

The explorations and excavations of which this collection is the result occupied a considerable part of the ten years during which General Cesnola was the American Consul for Cyprus. In the course of the explorations he traversed the whole island in every direction. An itinerary map in his book shows that it would scarcely be possible to find a single spot on the island lying ten miles distant from some one or more of his routes. Let us briefly sum up the results of his explorations, as noted by Mr. Johnston: He explored and identified the sites of eight ancient royal cities; he discovered the ruins of eight other royal cities and of twelve towns mentioned by Strabo, Ptolemy, and other ancient geographers; he discovered and explored the ruins of fifteen ancient temples, and from inscriptions and statuary found in them was able to identify in all but five the deities to whom they had been dedicated; he discovered and explored sixty-five ancient necropolises, having in all nearly seventy thousand tombs; and from the tombs and ruins he exhumed and brought away a total of 35,573 objects of curiosity or value. It may be worth while to give the numbers of some of the leading classes of objects. There were vases, 14,240; glass vases, cups, etc., 3,719; busts and heads in marble and terra-cotta, 4,200; statues in stone, marble, and terra-cotta, 2,110; terra-cotta lamps, 2,380; coins, gold, silver, and copper, 2,310; bas-reliefs in

marble, stone, and terra-cotta, 138; sculptured sarcophagi in marble and stone, 270; engraved gems, cylinders, and scarabæi, 1,090; objects in gold, such as bracelets, necklaces, and rings, 1,599; in silver, 370; in copper and bronze, 2,107; inscriptions in Assyrian, Phœnician, Cypriote, and Greek, 201. Of the collection of coins many were lost, the vessel in which they were shipped having been burned at sea. In it were coins of the best Greek period, the age of Phidias; and others of the Greek, Ptolemaic, Cypriote, Roman, Byzantine, Lusignan, and Venetian rulers, in gold, silver, and bronze. One beautiful gold coin, struck under Ptolemy Philadelphus, weighed twenty-two dollars. A carefully selected collection was made over to the Ottoman government as a royalty for the privilege of exploration. Specimens were either presented or sold to various European museums. "But," says Mr. Johnston, "these transfers were mainly of duplicates, and nowise detract from the completeness of the grand collections which comprise about two-thirds of all the objects found, including the whole of the inscriptions and statues, and which are now the property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and will soon be permanently displayed in their new buildings in the New York Central Park."

The Island of Cyprus, whence this collection came, was the great central point for the meeting of the Semitic and Japetian races, after the great dispersion of the human family, three generations from the deluge. It lies in the north-east corner of the Mediterranean, the shores of Syria twenty leagues to the east, those of Asia Minor as far to the north; and it was presumably settled almost simultaneously by the Phœnicians and the Ionians, "the sons of Javan, by whom the isles of the Gentiles were divided in their lands." Subsequently the Hellenes from the main-land of Greece occupied portions of the island. We catch occasional glimpses of Cyprus from the earliest period of recorded history—in Egyptian records, in the book of Genesis, on Assyrian tablets, and in Homer. Suffice it to say, that Cyprus came successively into possession of the great nations who, from time to time,

held the neighboring main-lands. In the time of Moses it was tributary to the Egyptians; then came as masters, often after bloody wars, Assyria, Persia, Tyre, the Græco-Egyptian Ptolemies, the Romans, Byzantines, Crusading Lusignans, Genoese, Venetians, and lastly, three centuries ago, the Turks. Cyprus was the Kittim of the Hebrews, the Aphrodisia, Makaria, and Paphos, of the poets, with half a score of other names. Its most usual appellation comes from the Hebrew *Kopher*, Greek *κῆπρος*, the Henna plant, for which it was anciently famous. From the earliest times it was noted for the abundance and purity of the copper which it produced; this was especially known as *χαλκός κίπριος* "Cyprus brass," which the Latins shortened into *Cuprum*, whence our word "copper." It was famous also for its forests of pine and cedar, excellent for smelting the copper ores and for ship-building. Its copper and wood did for Cyprus much the same as coal and iron have done for England, constituting it a great manufacturing, ship-building and commercial center. In shape the island was compared by the ancients to a hide stretched out to dry. The extreme length from nose to tip of tail is about one hundred and forty miles. The tail forty miles long, is scarcely ten miles wide; the remainder is about forty miles in width, so that no part of the island is more than twenty-five miles from the sea-coast, which is indented with numerous bays. Its area is about thirty-six hundred square miles, with a population of some two hundred thousand—perhaps a fifth of the number which it contained when it fell to the Ottomans. Of the present inhabitants two-thirds are Christians of the Greek communion. Of the Osmanli race General Cesnola says:

"It is fast disappearing. The places inhabited solely by the Turks are, as a general rule, dirty, miserable, and showing every sign of decay; and this result is what must be expected of a race who neither know nor care to learn any profession or handicraft by which to earn their livelihood, but prefer to spend their time in idleness at the café, drinking and smoking, while their families and household matters are left to take care of themselves as best they can.

The crime of abortion is extensively practiced. I have spoken of this to Turks who were intelligent and upright enough to condemn the system, but they invariably added that the Turk was too poor to allow himself so expensive a luxury as having children. If such a state of things exists in the other provinces of Turkey, there is no need of any thing but time to rid Europe of this degenerate race."

Cyprus is under a governor-general, who resides at Nicoria, in the interior of the island, a walled town of some fifteen thousand inhabitants, at once the capital and a penal fortress for great criminals. The only commercial place is Larnaca, on the south coast, occupying the site of the ancient Citium, or rather of its former burial-ground. This is the residence of the foreign consuls, who, with their suites, form almost a colony of themselves. It is not easy to comprehend why there should be an American diplomatic representative in this remote corner of the Ottoman Empire, quite out of the way from any route taken by our commerce, and only reached by an Austrian Lloyd steamer which touches here twice a month. However, Great Britain, Germany, France, Belgium, Italy, Greece, Russia, and America have, or had, consuls here; and hither, on Christmas day, 1865, General Cesnola, of the American Army, came as consul for the United States. Just five years before, he had landed at New York, an Italian count and ex-soldier, in search of a career in the New World, little dreaming whither his fortunate star would guide him.

Louis Palma di Cesnola was born at Turin, Italy, July 29, 1832, of a noble though apparently not wealthy family. He was placed in the Royal Military Academy at Turin, but in 1848 left it to volunteer in the brief and disastrous Austro-Italian war. This over, he returned to the academy, where he graduated and received his commission in 1850. During the Crimean War he served as a staff officer in the Italian contingent of the allied army. Pence returning, he found that there was no prospect of advancement in the military service of his native country, and at length he sailed for America, reaching New York late in 1860. Here he sup-

ported himself for a while by giving lessons on the flute and in the Italian and French languages. And before a twelvemonth had closed he had won the heart of one of his pupils, the daughter of Commodore Reid, of the United States Navy, and they were married in 1861. When the civil war broke out he organized private classes for the instruction of officers in cavalry exercises and swordsmanship. His brilliant capacities were brought to the notice of the governor of the State, by whom he was appointed colonel of the 4th regiment of New York cavalry. The regiment under his lead took part in eighteen engagements up to the battle of Aldie, in Northern Virginia, fought June 17, 1863. At the close of this action, in which Cesnola's regiment greatly distinguished itself, his horse was shot under him, and he was wounded, taken prisoner, and sent to the Libby prison in Richmond, where he was confined for nine months. Having been exchanged, he went again into active service, and near the close of the war retired from the army with the brevet rank of brigadier-general. One of the last official acts of President Lincoln was to appoint him to the vacant post of Consul to Cyprus. He had in the mean time come into possession of considerable means, which, fortunately for himself and for us, he was led to expend in the archaeological researches, which resulted in the now famous Cesnola Collection and finally in the production of the volume now under review, some of the salient points of which it is our purpose to present.

The first view of his new home, as it presented itself after a fifteen days' stormy voyage from Ancona, was any thing but cheering. The steamer cast anchor a mile from the shore, for the bay is too shallow to allow of nearer approach. The town from that distance looked the very picture of desolation, the only sign of life or vegetation being a few solitary palm trees, with their long leaves drooping as if in mourning. The captain of the steamer had indeed assured Cesnola that he would find Cyprus to be an earthly paradise. "But," says the new consul, "I admit that my first thought was to remain on board, and not to land on

such a forlorn looking island." In time, however, he came to like Cyprus passably well—well enough, at least, to make it his home for ten years, with his young wife and increasing family.

If there was any official business to be conducted, we find no notice of it in the narrative of Cesnola; and he seems to have set out upon the work of exploration among the tombs at Larnaca in a mere amateur way; and although, first and last, he dug into more than three thousand tombs in this neighborhood, they proved, with very few exceptions, to belong to the Greek period varying from 400 B. C. to 200 A. D., and all of them were mere oven-shaped holes excavated in the hill-side, containing few objects of interest. In one tomb, however, he found a large sarcophagus of white marble in excellent preservation, the lid having the representation of a female head, with long tresses, evidently Phœnician; and in another tomb close by were two large alabaster vases, one of them having a brief Phœnician inscription.

Cesnola was quietly pursuing his excavations when one day Genab Effendi, the Caimakan, or Governor of Larnaca, ordered two of his diggers to be arrested and put in prison, and, upon being remonstrated with, said that no one could dig in Cyprus without a firman from the Sultan. "From that day," says Cesnola, "I had a grudge against the Caimakan of Larnaca, and I promised to repay him whenever an occasion should present itself." He had not long to wait. One morning Mustafa Fefsi, one of the principal Turks of the town, begged Cesnola to appoint him as consular guard. The Caimakan, he said, had taken a spite against him, and was about to have him drafted into the army. The consul complied with the request, and Mustafa came under the protection of the American flag. The Caimakan stormed at first, and then begged that the appointment should be revoked. The governor-general took part with the Caimakan, and one morning when Mustafa had been sent on some errand, he was chased by the police into the house of the American dragoman, taken out by force, and imprisoned as

a deserter from the Turkish army. Cesnola formally demanded his release, and his demand being refused, he took the first steamer for Constantinople, and laid the matter before the American minister, who formally demanded immediate redress. In spite of the opposition of the Grand Vizier, the Ottoman cabinet yielded. It was agreed that the Caimakan should be dismissed and forever disqualified from holding office; that Mustafa should be recognized as American consular guard; that the dragoman should have ten thousand piasters as indemnity for the unlawful entry into his premises; that the American flag should receive a salute of twenty-one guns, and that the governor-general should officially express his regret for the mistake which he had committed. There was also a private stipulation that as soon as the excitement arising from the affair had blown over, the governor-general himself should be removed from his post, and within a month a new pasha arrived to take his place.

"After such a rude but salutary lesson," says Cesnola, "the Turkish authorities of the island became extremely courteous in their behavior to the American Consul, thus reminding me of their national proverb, 'the hand thou canst not cut off thou must kiss.'" A firman was also issued by the Sultan giving Cesnola full authority to dig all over the island; and, says he, "During the ten years that I remained in Cyprus after this occurrence, no act of the Turks ever gave me serious cause of complaint; and the plan I had conceived for extensive explorations was carried into execution some months afterwards, independently of all exterior aid, and by embarking all my private means in the enterprise." The extent of these explorations may in part be estimated from the fact that frequently, and for long periods, he had from one hundred to two hundred diggers in his employment.

His first notably successful explorations

were at Dali, the ancient Idalium, famous in ancient song. Here Venus wooed Adonis, and the beautiful youth was slain while hunting among the Idalian hills. It was to the odorous Idalian fields that Venus, as Virgil sings, conveyed the boy Ascanius. Here Cesnola



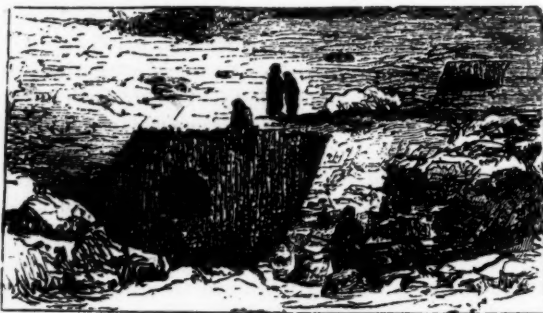
(Fig. 2.) TOMBS AT LARNACA.

hired a pleasant cottage as a residence during the Summer heats. Dali is about eighteen miles northwest from Larnaca, in the midst of a picturesque plain encircled by a triple range of hills. Cesnola's cottage was surrounded by about six acres of land, laid out in alleys of lemon, orange, and nectarine trees. Two noble walnuts overshadowed the well, and a small rivulet of pure water flowed hard by. The family lived almost wholly out of doors, adopting the house-keeping system of the peasants, who place their beds under the trees, whose branches serve as clothes-press, larder, and pantry. They frequently throw a handkerchief upon the ground, and lay their infants to sleep upon it, satisfied that neither damp nor insect will harm them; for from June till September there is scarcely a drop of rain or particle of dew; and most exceptionally for the Orient, Dali is wholly free from insect pests. This simple abode was, for several years, the Summer home of Cesnola and his family, and his account of their way of life forms an idyllic interlude in the daily work of digging among the dusty tombs:

"We hung our plate-baskets and table-linen among the trees; and spreading out the thick mats of the country, with a wooden settle din-

ing-table, and some rough chairs, we soon arranged a dining hall, where our Turkish attendants served us with as much attention as if at a state dinner. A tent pitched hard by became a boudoir for my wife and infant daughters, whom she regularly instructed in English; and a little further on a few Turkish rugs and divans formed the reception room of state for the notables of Dali, consisting of an old Cadi, three wealthy Turks, inhabiting what was once a royal palace, and the Summer resort of the Lusignan queens, and an illiterate Greek priest."

Dali had already been identified by the Count de Vogué as occupying the site of the Phœnician Idaliûm; and having made some explorations there, he announced that there was nothing more to be found. The French Consul had continued these explorations with little better success, and came to the same conclusion. Happily neither Cesnola nor Mr. Lang, the British Consul, who entered warmly into the subject of Cypriote Archaeology, agreed in this hasty conclusion:



(Fig. 3.) DOUBLE TIERS OF TOMBS AT DALI.

"Otherwise," says Cesnola, "much valuable archaeological information concerning the island, brought to light by Mr. Lang from a temple, and by me from some fifteen thousand tombs, might have remained still buried."

After spending a couple of weeks in surveying the fields around Dali, Cesnola convinced himself that on the south and west sides of the little town there was an extensive necropolis, the tombs of which had never been disturbed. He leased thirty acres of ground here and commenced his excavations.

We pass briefly over the results of the

Dali explorations. The tombs were all of one type, consisting of an oven-shaped cavity of about eight feet in diameter, sunk into the side of a gently sloping hill. The walls and roof had been plastered with wet clay and chopped straw, so as to prevent the earth from caving in. Through this the fine earth of the surrounding soil had slowly filtered, completely filling the tombs and forming a perfect packing, in which the pottery and other fragile objects had been preserved unbroken for more than twenty-five centuries since they had been deposited. Each tomb was designed for three persons, though frequently only two skeletons were found. A platform eighteen inches high and as many broad, built of sun-dried brick, ran down each side and across the end opposite the door. Upon this the bodies were laid. If there were three, one was upon each side, with the head invariably toward the entrance, and the vases and other objects were placed on the floor. If there were only two bodies, they lay, one on each side, and the vases were on the end platform.

Commencing the excavations at the foot of the slope, the tombs were found at a depth of from five to ten feet below the surface. The contents were all of the same general character, and unmistakably Phœnician. The vases, which were of every variety of form, were of a pale cream color, generally ornamented

with geometrical figures, painted with a brown umber, applied before the vessel was baked. As the diggings proceeded toward the center of the slope, it was noticed that the depth at which tombs were found gradually increased. But one morning, when the usual depth had been nine or ten feet, tombs were come upon at only three and a half feet, and their contents were of a character wholly different from any thing which had before been found.

There were no more earthenware vases, but instead of them were objects of glass, with a beautiful iridescence, the result of gradual

decay. They were in the form of amphoræ, plates, bowls, rings, bracelets, armlets, beads, and the like. There were also a few gold ornaments, such as ear-rings, and thin plates, which had evidently served as mortuary diadems. In every tomb there was a lamp of terra-cotta, and on some of these were Greek names evidently scratched in after the lamps had been baked. All these objects evidently belonged to the Græco-Roman period.

For weeks the digging went on at this level, and with the same result. The mystery of the change was at first insoluble. All at once the explanation flashed upon Cesnola. Here were probably two necropoli, one lying above the other. If this were so, then by digging down through the Græco-Roman tombs, he would again come upon those of the Phœnicians. And so it was. Here had been a cemetery of the ancient Phœnicians of Idalion. It had been filled up and abandoned. Ten or a dozen feet of soil had, in the course of generations or centuries, drifted down upon this slope, and a new race of Idalians had dug their oven-like tombs into its face, knowing nothing of the ancient city of the dead which lay just below. At, and near, Dali, according to the enumeration of Mr. Johnston, Cesnola dug into twenty-seven thousand five hundred tombs, of which all except one hundred and fifty were Phœnician.

An hour's ride from Dali, and so within easy reach from Cesnola's Summer abode, is the considerable village of Athieno, occupying nearly the site of ancient Golgoi, which Pliny mentions as one of the fifteen important cities of Cyprus, and especially famous for being one of the chief seats of the obscene worship of Aphrodite. This city seems to have been a Greek colony, and near Athieno M. de Vogué found several sculptured remains, and one or two Cypriote inscriptions. As early as 1866, Cesnola had made some excavations here; but found nothing of any value. In the following year he again excavated there for several weeks, but with the exception of a part of the city wall, found nothing to encourage further research. But at no great distance was a considerable an-

cient burying ground which furnished some objects of interest, particularly a sculptured sarcophagus, the subject on one side being singularly treated. A pair of warriors with helmet, shield, and spear, are apparently spitting a grisly boar; but each holds his shield as though he were trying to ward off the blows of the other. Another pair of



(Fig. 4.) SARCOPHAGUS FROM GOLGOI.

warriors, similarly armed, and in almost the same attitude of mutual defense, have struck their spears into a bull, which has sunk down on his knees between them. Behind one of these, another warrior is in the act of discharging an arrow which seems to be aimed at the back of the man nearest him. The height of the bull, who is erect on his hind legs, scarcely reaches to the mid-thigh of his assailants. Behind the archer, a horse is quietly grazing; and his height is scarcely greater than that of the bull, and a still smaller horse stands at the other end of the scene; while between the two groups is a huge cock, much taller than the bull. What the intent of the artist may have been is not easy to imagine; but there is certainly something incongruous in the idea of warriors in full panoply hunting bulls and boars with spear and shield.

Ten minutes' walk from this burial-ground is the little hamlet of Aghios Photios, "Saint Photius," where De Vogué is said to have found some fine statuary. The fields were now covered with ripening barley, and Cesnola made note of the place for future exploration. But nothing was done there from 1867 to early in 1870; when a couple of his Dali diggers came to him at Larnaca, and

asked permission to excavate for him at Athieno. This brought Aghios Photios to his mind, and he told the men to go to work there, and in a few days he would ride over to inspect their work. A week passed, and then one morning a messenger came to Larnaca, saying that the diggers had found an enormous stone head, and he had better send a cart to bring it away. Cesnola could not go at once, but sent one of his trusty men to see to the matter. At midnight sev-

other findings were placed on carts and sent off toward Larnaca.

"And thus," he writes, "I may truly say that I rather captured than discovered these stone treasures; and all this was accomplished without the dissenting voice of a single person, and without even a murmur from the owner of the ground, who, however, followed me like my shadow."

The colossal head measured two feet ten and a quarter inches, so that the entire height of the statue, if it was ever finished, would have been more than twenty feet; but no more of it was found, "with the possible exception of the base supporting the feet, the left a little in advance of the right, as seen in Egyptian statues."

The first thing to be done was to purchase the ground in which the diggings had been commenced, and thus to acquire a right to every thing found there. The owner at first demanded one thousand pounds, but in a few minutes he learned that the Caimakan of Larnaca was close by, who would seize it for nothing; he reduced his demand to twenty pounds, which was at once accepted, and in less than an hour the title-deeds were made out. When daylight enabled Cesnola to take a view of his acquisition, he found that this field was not, after all, the place where he had meant his diggers should go to work, but was some two hundred yards distant, and separated from it by a low mound. He, however, continued his excavations here for two or three weeks, the result being:



(Fig. 5.) COLOSSAL MALE HEAD FROM GOLEOLI.

eral messengers came, one after the other, with tidings that all the neighboring peasantry had rushed to the place, and were digging up and carrying off wonderful things. Cesnola mounted his mule, and before daylight was at Aghios Photios, where he found a hundred or more men digging away by the light of huge bonfires. At a word from him the crowd made way, and by the flickering fire-light he caught a glimpse of the huge head. In a brief space this and some

"Thirty-two statues were found of various sizes, all more or less mutilated, and twenty-six bases, some with, and some without the feet adhering to them, together with a promiscuous mass of legs, arms, and bodies. These sculptures belong to a hieratic style of art, in which the Egyptian or Assyrian element predominates, or, as in some instances, are blended. None of them can be said to exhibit in any degree the influence of Greek art. The head-dresses consist either of the pointed Assyrian cap, or of the Egyptian *pshent*. The head is the only portion to which the sculptor gave his particular attention. As the type of features represented is neither Egyptian nor Assyrian, but has a strong resemblance to the present inhabitants of Cyprus, it is presumable

that these statues were portraits of native Cypriote dignitaries. Their dress consists either of a long robe reaching to the feet, or of a short tunic coming only to the knee. The arms either fall close to the sides of the body, or the right one is folded on the breast, with the hand closed or holding a lotus-flower."

It is notable that there was not the slightest indication that a temple or building of any kind had existed here. Numerous borings and trenchings in every direction gave no vestige of a foundation or of a single stone or brick which could have formed part of a building. General Cesnola is wholly at a loss to account for this, or to explain how or why these statues were placed here. We venture the suggestion that this field was the site of the workshop of some old Cypriote statue-maker, who carried on a large business in his line. For this purpose only slight sheds would be required.

In the meanwhile, Cesnola had purchased the field where he had originally designed that his diggers should go to work; or, rather, he secured the right of digging there, and the ownership of whatever he might find. The proprietor was a shrewd Greek peasant, who wished to drive a sharp bargain. He began by extolling the beautiful things which a *milordo Française* had dug up there, and carried off. "Without," he added pathetically, "paying me any thing for them." Cesnola, however, succeeded in buying the ground for a few hundred piasters, with the stipulation that if any thing valuable was found the sum should be increased to that which had been paid for the other field; and when the search was over the land should be deeded back to its former owner.

Cesnola now began regular operations by opening a deep trench toward the center of the mound, and at a depth of six and a half feet came upon a stone wall two feet thick and not quite a yard in height. He followed this until he found that it inclosed a parallelogram sixty feet by thirty. Along the inside of the wall was a line of seventy-two pedestals of various heights, standing close together. A couple of feet inside of these, and at a depth of seven feet, they came upon statue after statue, mostly lying upon their

faces, and of all sizes, from mere statuettes to six or eight feet in height. Although they were so slightly buried, it was no easy work to extricate them, for the soil in which they were embedded was mixed with clay, apparently derived from the decomposition of sun-dried bricks, and indurated into a compact mass almost impenetrable to the pickaxe.

The general plan of the structure began to develop itself. This low, slight wall was the foundation of the Temple of Golgoi. The superstructure erected upon it must have been correspondingly slight. That it was roofed over seems certain; for otherwise the statues, which were evidently executed during several epochs of art, would have shown traces of exposure to the weather. The objects had evidently been arranged in something like a scientific order. The statues of an Egyptian type were by themselves, the Assyrian by themselves, the Greek and Roman by themselves; while the tablets with bas-reliefs and inscriptions, and the votive offerings were apparently placed before their appropriate divinities. With very few exceptions, and those of comparatively recent date, say up to two or three centuries before Christ, the architecture of Cyprus must have been far enough from imposing. General Cesnola says:

"I am convinced that a great number of the temples built in Cyprus previous to Hellenic influence in the island, were very simple in their architecture, built exclusively of sun-dried bricks, and then thickly plastered within and without, like the houses built there in the present day. The absence of columns, and the finding of two stone capitals in this inclosure, may be explained by the conjecture that the custom which prevails to-day in Cyprus, especially in the interior, of forming the columns of the porticoes and peristyles of wood, with capitals and bases of stone, obtained at that period. For this purpose, the capitals found among ancient ruins are often employed now, and sometimes with ludicrous effect, as in the portico of a Greek convent at Lapethna, where I counted twenty wooden shafts, only five feet high, supporting and crowned by beautifully carved Corinthian capitals, out of all proportion to the petty shafts."

How and when this temple was destroyed is wholly a matter of conjecture. That the destruction was sudden is apparent from the regular manner in which the remains were found deposited. An earthquake would be the natural supposition, were it not that in that case the foundation wall would most likely have been more or less broken and



(Fig 6.) STATUE IN ASSYRIAN STYLE FROM GOLGOI.

shattered. That fire had something to do with it appears from the fact that in the center of the quadrangle was found a thick layer of ashes containing pieces of charred wood. Cesnola suggests that the destruction of this edifice may have been caused by lightning. He goes on to say:

"In that case the cross-beams and rafters would be fired by the electricity, and those pieces of charred wood, to some of which were adhering long bronze nails, might be the remains of the roof, which, in falling would have thrown down the statues; these, coming in contact with the unpaved soil, were but little injured. The mud walls, would of course soon follow, though not, perhaps, before the priests could remove all the portable objects of value. That the walls fell in is proved by the mass of clay and triturated straw in which the statues were found embedded. They had become so consolidated by sun and rain as to render excavation very difficult. Again, the destruction of the temple may have been caused by the shock of an earthquake, such as was in antiquity, and still is, a not unfrequent occurrence in the island. All, however, is mere conjecture, except the fact that the different epochs of art contained in the temple cover a long line of years."

Nothing short of a long study of the collection itself, not even the many pages and numerous illustrations devoted to this subject in General Cesnola's volume, can give any thing like an adequate idea of the value and interest of these Golgoi remains. They form a complete museum of Cypriote sculpture, every step in its development being represented, from the rudest and most conventional symbolism up to the most perfect anatomy of the Greek masters. In all there were found two hundred and twenty-eight sculptures, a great portion of them remarkably free from defacement of any kind. About two hundred of them average only two feet in height, the remainder being of life size, or larger. Three of these may be taken as types of as many prominent epochs: Figure 6 is of the Assyrian type, and is in almost perfect preservation. It is six feet three inches in height. The dress, of some heavy material, reaches nearly to the feet, entirely concealing the form, as in Layard's Assyrian bas-reliefs, with the exception of the arms, which are bare, as well as the feet. Around the bottom of the robe are faint traces of ornamentation in red; the hair, beard, and pupils of the eye are also slightly tinged with red. A characteristic feature, so common in almost all of the heads that it may be assumed to be national, is that the

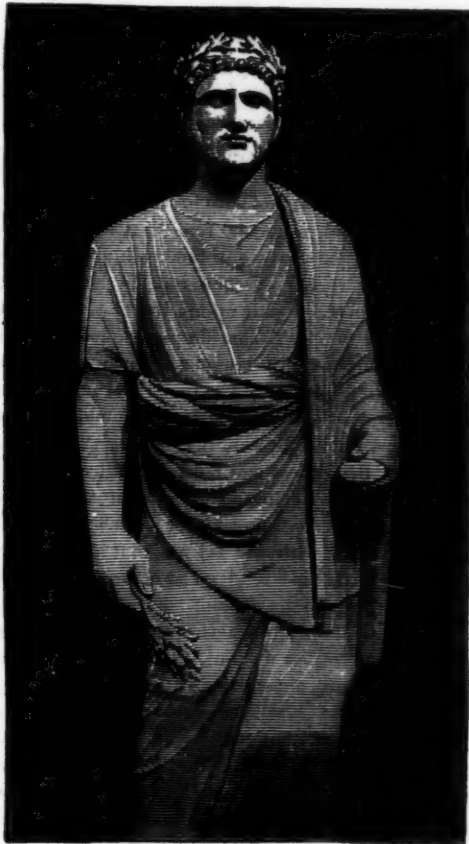
mouth curves upward instead of downward. Figure 7, seven feet eight inches high, is of a much higher school of art. It presumably represents a Cypriote priest. The head was especially admired by Mr. Ruskin, who visited it several days while the collection was in London, and made careful drawings from it. Figure 8 is purely Greek in style, and one can not help suspecting that the sculptor had studied the principles of his art in the schools of Phidias or Praxiteles.



(Fig. 7.) STATUE OF PRIEST FROM GOLGOI.

The excavations at Golgoi having been completed, the findings sent off to Larnaca, the ground leveled and restored to its former owner, Cesnola set himself to arrange and study his newly found treasures, which every day brought to light some fresh cause of wonder. The fame of his collection spread far and wide. The Emperor Napo-

leon heard of it, and was on the point of purchasing it for the Louvre just before he set out on what he supposed would be the "eight days' trip to Berlin." An employé of the museum at St. Petersburg was sent to Larnaca, and made a partial catalogue, in which he estimated that there were in all about thirteen thousand articles; for the



(Fig. 8.) STATUE FROM GOLGOI.

famous Curium Collection was yet undiscovered. Mr. Cook found it profitable to take his "excursion parties" to Cyprus, where they would arrive by scores and make themselves general nuisances, not unfrequently managing to slip some small object into their pockets by way of souvenir. One elderly, ringleted lady put Cesnola fairly to the

blush by blandly asking him to be kind enough to explain to her the mysteries of the ancient worship of Venus. At length Cesnola determined to ship his entire collection to London, where he hoped to find a purchaser for it in mass, for he would not break it up for any consideration, although he could readily have sold it piecemeal for much less than he asked for the whole. A vessel was chartered to convey the three hundred and sixty huge cases in which it was packed, when all at once an unforeseen obstacle intervened.

Said Pasha, the governor-general, gave him formal notice that he had received a positive order that the American Consul should not be allowed to ship his antiquities from the island. Cesnola replied that he had a firman expressly authorizing him to dig. "Very true," was the reply; "you had a firman to dig them up, but not to send them away." "What do you suppose was my intention in asking for a firman to dig?" queried Cesnola. The pasha had not the slightest idea on that matter. Cesnola took counsel with Besbes, his confidential dragoman, the ugliest and most faithful of men. Besbes went to the director of the custom-house to get an order for shipment, and came back with the tidings that this functionary had just received two prohibitory telegrams from Constantinople. "Ef-fendi," said Besbes, on returning, "those telegrams are to prevent the American Consul from shipping antiquities." "You seem to take pleasure," said Cesnola, sharply, "in repeating this information. I think I ought to be aware of it by this time." "But," continued the dragoman, his red-rimmed eyes twinkling through his huge blue spectacles, "there is nothing in those orders about the *Russian Consul*." Here was an idea; for, as we understand it, Cesnola was at this time acting also as Consul for Russia. Forthwith the collector was asked if he had any orders preventing the Russian Consul from shipping antiquities. He pored over his telegrams, and said that they were for the American Consul only; and if Cesnola asked it officially, as Russian Consul, he had no authority to refuse a permit. In fifteen

minutes Cesnola had his custom-house permit. In five hours more the cases were on board the schooner for Alexandria, whence they were to be reshipped for London. The governor-general never heard of the matter until some time after, when he happened to be in Larnaca. He only laughed, and said the whole thing had been most cleverly managed, and that it was a pity that Cesnola had not been born a Turk.

Early in the Spring of 1872 Cesnola resolved to explore the south-west coast of Cyprus. The tour was expected to last several months. He took with him Mustafa Fefsi, the Turk whom he had rescued from the Caimakan six years before, and who had remained in his service ever since, and to whom he pays a well-deserved tribute of praise: "During that time he had learned to read and write modern Greek, to keep accounts, and speak the Italian language fluently. He combined in his person the functions of butler, valet, dragoman, and consular guard, and was honesty itself." We pass over the greater part of this tour, although it was productive throughout of very valuable results, and confine ourselves to the crowning achievement—the discovery of the Curium treasures, which almost throws into the shade the discoveries at Golgoi.

On the southern shore of Cyprus, but on the western verge of a promontory which juts boldly out into the sea, stood the ancient Argive city of Curium. It was perched like an eagle's nest on the summit of a rocky elevation three hundred feet above the level of the sea, which almost washes its base. The cliff is almost inaccessible on three sides, which have been cut into an almost perpendicular face. Forty feet up from the ground a plateau a hundred feet wide has been leveled on the slope, and then scooped out to a depth of twenty-five feet, like the moat of a modern fortress. Both sides of this moat, and the side of the cliff above it, are absolutely honeycombed with tombs, dug, tier above tier, into the rock. There are thousands upon thousands of them, of which Cesnola opened about four hundred. The city is absolutely deserted, and its very existence was so far unknown that De Vogué,

who says that in 1862 he described the coast so thoroughly that he left out nothing that was visible, makes no mention of Curium. From the ruins on the summit of the cliff it is clear that Curium was a marked exception to the usual fragile architecture of the cities of ancient Cyprus. Says Cesnola:

"I counted seven spots where shafts of marble or granite columns were lying half buried in the ground, probably in the same position as when they fell, centuries ago. In one place there are stone steps quite worn by the busy feet which came and went to a cistern near by,

At one of these spots eight shafts of brownish granite lay imbedded. Their height was eighteen feet, their diameter nearly two feet. Wishing to measure them, he had two of them removed, and under them he found a mosaic pavement, somewhat broken by the falling of the columns. Its dimensions were sixty-five by forty feet. Near one corner were indications that some treasure-hunter had long ago dug down to a depth of seven feet and then abandoned the attempt. The pavement, being struck heavily, gave back a hollow sound; and here Cesnola



(Fig. 9.) VIEW OF CURIUM, CYPRUS.

probably a public well. Now and then parts of the street pavements are visible, marked with the tracks of chariot-wheels, and everywhere masses of broken pottery strew the ground. Except the neighboring Neo-Paphos there is no place in Cyprus which presents on the surface so large a quantity of *débris*. Hundreds of small mounds mark where ordinary dwellings had stood. The larger ones, we may conclude, are the *débris* of public buildings or palaces. I explored some of the larger mounds near which lay columns, and from the form of their foundations, and the fragments of statues which they yielded, I judge them to have been temples."

determined to excavate. Under the mosaic was a layer of charcoal two feet thick—calling to mind the famous charcoal foundation of the temple at Ephesus; then a bed of sand eight inches thick; and then came the soft bed-rock of the hill. Through this the digging was carried twenty feet deeper than the old treasure-hunter had gone, when they struck into the end of a gallery, excavated in the rock, four feet high, and ten inches wider. It evidently communicated with the building which had stood above, although only two steps were remaining. Following this gallery for ten or twelve feet, they came

to a doorway, carelessly closed by a stone slab, which opened into an oven-shaped cavity almost filled with fine earth which had sifted through from above. After removing some three thousand baskets of earth they came to another opening, which led to another chamber; this in like manner opened into a third, and that also into a fourth. These chambers were nearly of a uniform size and shape, fourteen feet high, and a little more or less than twenty feet square. The cleaning out of the dirt from these chambers occupied a full month. The method was this: The men carried all off except a layer of about a foot and a half, in which Cesnola soon learned that every thing of value would be found; for at the very entrance of the first chamber he had pushed his foot-rule into the fine dust, and struck something hard, which proved to be a bracelet and other ornaments of gold. When the chambers had been "trimmed," as the diggers call removing the upper earth, Cesnola sent all away except the trusty foreman and an-



(Fig. 10.) ARMLET OF KING ETEANDROS.

other man with a lamp, and commenced examining the eighteen inches of soil which were left. It was first carefully probed with a knife, and, when every thing thus discovered had been taken out, was closely sifted over and over again through the fingers. Almost at the outset Cesnola was startled by his foreman handing him a couple of objects each weighing a pound. They were a pair of plain armlets of solid gold. (Fig. 10.) But of greater worth to the archaeologist

than their intrinsic value was an inscription of thirteen ancient Cypriote characters, beautifully engraved on the inside of each. At that time there was not a man on earth, and probably there had not been one for centuries, who could have read this inscription; but by the aid of another bilingual inscription the old Cypriote syllabic alphabet was deciphered in 1873, and this inscription was found to read, E:TE:A:DO:RO:TO:PA:PO:BA:SI:LE:O:S; which in pure Greek is equivalent to, *Eteav[υ]δpov το[υ] Παφo[υ] βασιλεω** — "[The property] of Eteandros, King of Paphos." This inscription furnishes us, indirectly, but almost certainly, with an authentic date. An Assyrian cylinder, now in the British Museum, contains a list of the kings of Syria and Cyprus who were tributary to the Assyrian monarch Esar-haddon, B. C. 672, "The ten kings of *Atan* [Cyprus] which is in the middle of the sea . . . all of them, and I passed them in review before me." The fourth name on this Assyrian list of the tributary kings of Cyprus reads, on the cylinder, "Ithuander, King of Paphos." There can be no reasonable doubt that this is the same as the "Eteandros, King of Paphos," to whom this pair of armlets had belonged, and who, we may presume, made an offering of them to the divinity of this neighboring temple of Curium, somewhere about seven centuries before the birth of the Savior.

It would be utterly impossible, within a space ten times greater than that allotted to this entire article to give any thing like an adequate idea of the wealth of the treasure thus almost accidentally exhumed from these treasure-vaults—not tombs—beneath the long-forgotten Temple of Curium, of which not one stone remains upon another, and of which neither written history nor legend hints when it was built, when destroyed, or to what divinity it was dedicated. General Cesnola's volume contains, as we count, more than two hundred engravings and illustrations of different objects found here, and even these are but an incon-

* The omission of the *v*, and the termination of the genitive case in *o* instead of *ov*, were special peculiarities of the ancient Cypriote dialect.

siderable portion of the whole. Besides the massive armlet of Eteandros, there were found in the same rooms ten or a dozen bracelets of solid gold, each weighing from two hundred to three hundred *grammes*. Some are perfectly plain; one has at each extremity a fine lion's head; two (Fig. 11) are bands an inch wide, with rosettes and other designs in high relief. One has a medallion, in which was an onyx originally set in a circlet of silver; but the silver was so oxydized that it crumbled to dust when touched.

In another room were a score of fine bracelets. One of these was composed of seventy gold beads, finely wrought, with twenty large gold acorns as pendants, and the head of Medusa as a center-piece. Another is formed of beads, with pomegranates for pendants, and a golden perfume-bottle as a center-piece. Others are composed of alternate beads of carnelian or rock crystal. Perhaps the finest of all, in point



(Fig. 11.) GOLD BRACELET WITH ROSETTES.

the most interesting single feature of the entire collection: The specimens run through the whole development of the glyptic art, from the rude conceptions of the Assyrians and Egyptians to works which challenge comparison with the most exquisite productions of the best days of Greek art. The special value of this collection is that it shows almost at a glance the gradual growth

of the art, from its remote beginnings up to the time, still far back in the ages, when the accumulations of centuries were in panic consigned to the receptacle where they remained for more than a score of centuries. Of the engraved gems we only give two illustrations.



(Fig. 12.) GOLD NECKLACE FROM CURIUM.

of workmanship, consists of a necklace of solid gold coin, with a lion's head of very fine granulated work at each end, and an elaborately wrought knot by way of clasp. (Fig. 12.)

Finger-rings and ear-rings are abundant, and often with elaborately engraved gems as settings. The engraved gems are perhaps

Figure 13 is a good example of the best Phœnician style, although the figures and general idea are borrowed from Egypt; but the absence of hieroglyphics and the skillful execution mark it as Phœnician. Two men are kneeling in adoration, with upraised hands. Above them soars the *Mir*, symbolical of the presence of Deity. The material

is a brown chalcedony. The engraving is twice the actual size. Figure 14 is perhaps the most precious representation extant of Grecian art just emerging from the archaic stage. In bold and skillful treatment of the nude form it is altogether unequalled. The engraving is, like the preceding, twice the



(Fig. 13.) PHOENICIAN GEM FROM CURIUM.

size of the gem itself, which is a sard, five-eighths of an inch in its longest diameter, and is set in a heavy gold swivel-ring. A nude figure, with mighty outspread wings, sweeps through the air, having the form of a girl clasped in his arms, whose hand still grasps the lyre upon which she had been playing when seized by her ravisher, who looks eagerly backward as though on the alert against some pursuer, while he strikes out with his feet as though he were swimming in the air as well as flying through it. The gem tells its own story. The subject can be no other than Boreas, the fierce wind-god, carrying off Orithyia, the daughter of Erechtheus, from the flowery banks of the Ilissus,—a legend which needs no interpreter. Among the thousand and more engraved gems and stones in the collection, not



(Fig. 14.) GREEK GEM FROM CURIUM.

all of which, however, are from Curium, there are several others which may fairly challenge comparison with this exquisite work of art, to which no engraving, or even photograph, can do full justice.

There can be no doubt that these bracelets, rings, and gems were votive offerings to the deity to whom the temple was sacred; and it is equally clear that they must have been the accumulations of centuries. That they were hurriedly placed for safety in these treasure-vaults seems evident from the careless manner in which they have been flung down in heaps. We may infer that this deposition took place at some moment of great and sudden panic. When that was General Cesnola does not even venture a surmise. We hazard the conjecture that it may have been during the fierce struggle between the successors of Alexander the Great, about 310 B. C., when Antigonus, of Syria, and Ptolemy, of Egypt, fought for the dominion of Cyprus. At this time the king of Paphos, hard by Curium, took part with Ptolemy; he was deserted by his people, and fell upon his own sword; his wife, after killing their young daughters with her own hand, slew herself upon the body of her dead husband. The brothers of the king set fire to the royal palace, and themselves perished in the flames. Such horrors may well have struck terror into the hearts of the dwellers of rock-perched Curium; and we may well imagine some priest of the temple groping his way down and along the narrow passage into the secret vault, with as many of the long-hoarded treasures as he could lay hands upon at the moment, and making his way out so hurriedly that he did not even replace the stone which closed the opening into the first chamber. We venture the suggestion that the vaults of Curium are as yet only partially discovered; and that not impossibly some future explorer, with equal zeal and larger means, may there attain results not less important than have been attained by Cesnola.

Cesnola has laid the world, and especially his adopted country, under weighty obligations by his discoveries. He has largely added to these obligations by the opportune publication of this volume. Not a few who visit his collections, now public property, will study his book; and we are confident that no reader of his book will fail, as occasion presents, to examine his collections.


SOMETHING ABOUT SIGN-BOARDS.

THOUGH the reign of sign-boards is pretty well over in England, their memory is by no means lost. Hardly any one who has taken up an old English book can fail to have been both puzzled and amused by the singular names by which shops and inns are designated. "Our streets," says a writer in the *Spectator* (1711), "are filled with blue boars, black swans, and red lions." Again, speaking of the singular combinations often to be met with, he says:

"The fox and the goose may be supposed to have met, but what has (*sic*) the fox and the seven stars to do together? And when did the lamb and dolphin ever meet except upon a sign-post."

To explain the origin of some of these curious names and combinations is the object of the present article.

The sign-board has probably been used in all countries since men first began to buy and sell. That they were in use among the ancient Egyptians we know, and they have also been found in the buried cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii; but in the present article we shall confine ourselves to the consideration of the English sign-board.

In the days when sign-boards originated, advertising must have been rather a problem. Reading and writing were almost royal accomplishments of which the mass of the people knew scarcely enough to long to possess them. What use, therefore, to write above a shop the name of the goods sold inside? I wonder what bright spirit first hit upon the idea that those who had no idea what the letters *s*, *h*, *o*, *e*, stand for could not fail to recognize such a figure as this , however coarsely or rudely it might be executed. The first sign-boards, therefore, were probably merely the pictures of the goods sold within. That was amply sufficient at first, when each town contained but one shop of a kind, but as the cities grew larger it no longer sufficed. They had not yet learned the art of numbering the houses,

and, how, pray, were you to direct any one to A's shoe shop in B. Street, and make sure that he should not wander instead into the shoe shop which C had recently established in the same street? Obviously, the different establishments must be distinguished in some way, and, therefore, the owners soon began to adopt some device, as a lion, a boar, or a star, by which their respective houses and shops should be known.

The explanation of the strangely colored animals, of which the writer in the *Spectator* complained, is so simple that it has probably occurred to every one who has thought upon the subject at all. Every body knows that in heraldry the various objects and animals represented are supposed to be of different colors, which colors are indicated by the direction of the lines in the shading. Now suppose that the tenant or dependant of some house which bears for its crest a *lion gules*, wished to show his respect for the family by adopting that crest as the sign of his shop or inn. Naturally, he translates the heraldic term literally, and paints upon his sign-board a *red lion*.

One sign of this kind, however, originated in a different way, which was so curious that I can not refrain from mentioning it.

Oné Bertrand, a Frenchman, had been obliged to fly from his own country because it had been discovered that he was mixed up in a plot against Cardinal Mazarin. He fled to Holland, and took up his abode at the Hague, where he opened a cutler's shop, which had for its sign a red cat. Evidently, neither the salt water which he had crossed nor the dampness of his present abode had had the effect of cooling Bertrand's hatred; for the sign-board which he put up bore, upon one side, a portrait of Mazarin himself, in his cardinal's gown, and with his bristling mustache, and on the other a red cat. Beneath was the motto: "*Aux deux méchantes bêtes.*" The burgomaster of the Hague, not appreciating the joke, or fearing political complications, ordered him to alter it. He, there-

fore, painted out Mazarin, but the shop is known to this day as the Red Cat.

Sometimes an innkeeper went further than this in his desire to express his respect and admiration, and put up the whole coat-of-arms of his patron, or of some great man of the day, calling his house after them, the Devonshire Arms, the Salisbury Arms, or what you will. Naturally, the King's Arms was a great favorite, and was represented by the English coat-of-arms, which, as all know, have for supporters a lion and a unicorn. It is said that a stupid country fellow, who misunderstood the meaning of the term, walked a great distance to see the king. He came home greatly disappointed, "For," said he, "the king has arms like any other man, and I had always understood that one of the king arms was a lion and the other a unicorn."

After a while, people forgot that coats-of-arms are borne only by noble families, and fell into such absurdities as "farmers' arms," "miners' arms," and "drovers' arms." Probably farmers, miners, and drovers' have arms, but coats-of-arms they certainly have not.

As for the curious combinations on signs, they come about in various ways. Some-



ANGEL AND GLOVE.

times people confounded the sign of the shop with the picture of the goods sold within. Thus we have the angel and glove, the lamb and breeches, the black boy and comb, and many others. In each of these, of course, the first name represents the sign by which the shop was intended to be

known, while the second was only meant to indicate the goods sold in it. But, as people persisted in calling it by the double name, the proprietor often adopted the queer combination as his sign, and devised a sign-board to suit it. The man who sold gloves at the sign of the angel, for instance, took



BAKER'S SIGN, POMPEII.

for his sign a very clumsy angel, carrying in his hand one of the long gloves which were then in vogue.

Another way in which signs became very oddly mixed is the following: When an apprentice had served out his time and set up in business for himself, he often added the sign of the master under whom he had learned his trade to that which he chose for himself. Thus, a young man who had served apprentice at the shop called the Three Nuns, on setting up for himself chooses the hare as his device, and, adding to it his master's sign, it becomes the "Three Nuns and a Hare," a sign which it will be hard to exceed in absurdity.

Again, when a man moved from one shop to another, he often kept his old sign, which his customers knew, and added to it the sign by which the new house was known to the public. From this cause we have the "Salutation and Cat," the "Green Cross and Cross-keys," and others. These "Cross-keys" were simply the coat-of-arms of the pope, and represent St. Peter's keys. After the Reformation, many of the old Roman Catholic signs were taken down or changed. Thus, by the force of popular opinion, "St. Catherine's Wheel" was changed to the "Cat and Wheel." The "Salutation," which originally

represented the Virgin Mary and the angel Gabriel, was transformed to the "Soldier and Citizen." Probably the "Cross-keys" would have shared the same fate, but for the fact that they are also found in the coats-of-arms of several of the bishops of the Church of England.

Sometimes the meaning of the sign was so little understood by the common people that they were obliged to interpret it by their own ideas. Thus a sign representing a satyr of Greek mythology, surrounded by a group of dancing Bacchanalians, was a hopeless mystery, until some bold spirit suggested that as the principal figure was painted black and with horns and hoofs, he must be meant to represent the popular idea of the devil.



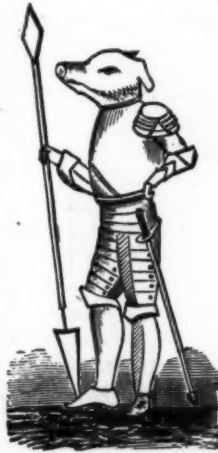
BIRD AND BANTLING.

Then those who had only heard the latter part of the name pronounced, who could not read it and had no idea of its meaning, translated it into the "Bag-o'-nails," and soon the house was generally known by the ridiculous name of the "Devil and Bag-o'-nails."

Again, people who knew perfectly well what the sign was intended to represent, would fancy that they showed their wit by miscalling it. In this way an inn which bore for its sign an "Eagle and Child," in allusion to a local legend of a child which was carried away by an eagle, became the

"Bird and Bantling;" the "Bear and Ragged Staff," became the "Angel and Flute;" while the "Hog in Armor," became the "Pig in Misery."

Often the original name of the inn was some good sensible title, but after it had become generally known by its corrupted name the proprietor frequently ended by adopting the latter, and invented a new sign to suit the title which the public had conferred upon his house. Some of the most curious transformations were effected in this way



HOG IN ARMOR.

The "Bull and Mouth" seems a most incomprehensible name until we learn that it was originally the "Boulogne Mouth," meaning the mouth of Boulogne harbor. The "Bull and Butcher" is a more natural connection of ideas, though unpleasantly suggestive for the bull. This is also a corruption, however, and there is quite a story connected with it. At first the name was "Bullen Butchered," and referred to poor Anne Bullen, or Boleyn.

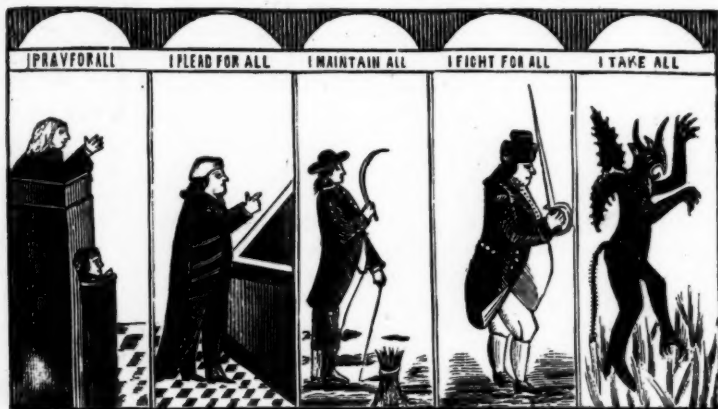


BULL AND MOUTH.

The first inn which bore this name was at Hever, Kent, near which place the Bullen

family held great possessions, and where, we may suppose, the news of her barbarous murder excited the greatest sympathy and horror. Afterwards the sign became corrupted to the "Bull and Butcher," and was

merly this house bore as its sign a head of Mercury, beneath which was written a Dutch proverb, "*Mercurius is der Goden Boote*" (Mercury is the messenger of the gods). Those who did not understand Dutch caught



THE FIVE ALLS.

finally given up entirely, and the name of the inn changed to that of the "King's Head." The king was, of course, Henry VIII, but the artist, who was a native of the village, contrived still to express his horror of the king's crime and his sympathy with the victim, by placing in the hands of the painted figure a huge ax.

The "Five Awns" is a sign which seems more appropriate for a cobbler's shop than for a public house, but originally it read the "Five Awns." The sign-board was quite an elaborate piece of work, being divided into five compartments which represented 1st, a clergyman, who says, "I pray for all;" 2d, a lawyer, "I plead for all;" 3d, a farmer, "I maintain all;" 4th, a soldier, "I fight for all;" 5th, Sathanas, who winds up with "I take all." The sign, in the course of time, became so much defaced that it was necessary to have a new one, but the artist to whom the work was intrusted did not feel equal to the execution of any thing so elaborate. Therefore he simply changed one letter of the name, and painted five shoemaker's awns to match his version of it.

Another curious instance of the alteration of a sign is found in the name of an inn at Fulham, called the "Goat in Boots." For-

at the latter part of the sentence and, deceived by the similarity of sound, called the house the "Goat in Boots." Subsequently Morland, the artist, was staying at the house, and, finding that he had not money enough to pay his bill, made matters straight by painting for the landlord a sign representing the name by which people knew the house, the "Goat in Boots."

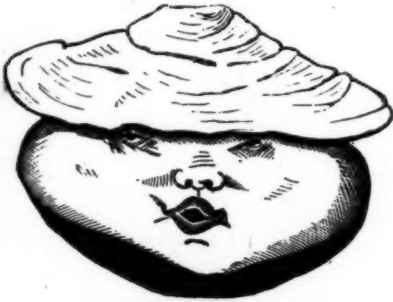
Morland was not the only celebrated artist who painted sign-boards, either for a freak or as a cheap way of paying their bills when their money gave out. Hogarth, Watteau, Horace Vernet, Wilson, Millais, Holbein,



GOAT IN BOOTS.

and Correggio, were among the number. It is said that the celebrated picture of the "Young Bull," by Paul Potter, which is still to be seen at the Hague, was first painted for a butcher's sign. There was, we may suppose, an immense difference between the productions of these artists and those of even the best of the regular sign-painters.

These regular sign-painters brought themselves before the eyes of the public on one occasion, though, and made as great a sensation as they could desire. When the notice of the intended opening of the annual artists' exhibition for 1762 was read, just below it was seen another advertisement which excited great wrath among all the tribe of regular artists, as they, not unnaturally, supposed it to be a burlesque of their own exhibition. It announced, with a grand flourish, that "the Society of Sign-painters were also preparing a most magnificent collection of portraits, landscapes, etc.," which would shortly be opened for the cultivation of the public taste. The exhibition would not have been half the success that it was but for the rage of the artists, who filled the



WHISTLING OYSTER. (BURLESQUE.)

papers with indignant accounts of it, which must have delighted the getters-up of the exhibition, and were the best possible advertisement of it. Very likely the idea of the "burlesque art-galleries," which were at one time so popular at fairs, may have been suggested by this. Suppose the artists of the Academy of Design were to take offense at one of these jokes, and denounce it in all the papers as "an impudent and scandalous abuse and bubble; a most pickpocket imposture." Most of the artists of that day must have

had a very dull sense of humor, one would think. One of those chiefly concerned in getting up this exhibition, however, was himself an artist (Hogarth), and several of the pictures were painted by him. Among them were "A Man Loaded with Mischief," which represented a man carrying on his back a woman, a magpie, and a monkey; the "Light Heart," which was a pair of scales, in which a heart is weighed down by a feather; "Nobody," a man whose legs begin at his neck, and who has consequently *no body*, and several others.

Some of the signs upon inns and ale-houses were adorned by very curious specimens of poetry. One man, having opened an ale-house called the White Horse, near four others, called respectively the Bear, the Angel, the Ship, and the Three Cups, wrote under his sign:

"My White Horse shall bite the Bear,
And make the Angel fly;
Shall turn the Ship her bottom up,
And drink the Three Cups dry."

Here is another which the author was determined should rhyme whether or no:

"Stop, brave boys, and quench your thirst,
If you won't drink your horses murrat."

Another very quaint inscription was found under the sign of the Fox at a country inn:

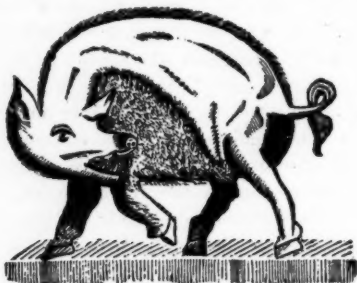
"I. HAM. A. CUNEN. FOX
YOU SEE. THER. HIS
NO. HARM. ATACHED
TO. ME. IT. IS. MY. MRS
WISH. TO. PLACE. ME
HERE. TO. LET. YOU. NO
HE. SELLS. GOOD. BEER."

The following over a barber-shop is a puzzle in punctuation:

"What do you think
I'll shave you for nothing and give you a drink."

The origin of the stripped poles, which are still used as signs for barber-shops, and the three balls which denote a pawn-broker's establishment, are so well known, that we almost fear to speak of them here. As, however, it is possible that some may not have heard them, we will venture. The barbers' poles date back to the days when the remedy for almost every disease was bleeding, and when the barbers were the regular blood-letters. The patient who was desirous of

being bled was obliged to grasp a pole, which was supposed to make the blood flow more freely. As the pole was liable to be stained it was painted red. When it was not in use the white linen bandages necessary in the operation were twisted around it, and it was hung outside the door, as the most convenient place of keeping it. In this way it came to be recognized as the regular sign of



THE BLUE BOAR.

a barber-shop, and the custom is kept up to this day. At one time barbers were obliged by law to put out a blue and white pole, and surgeons a red and white one.

The three balls of the pawn-brokers' sign are part of the coat-of-arms of Lombardy, from which the first bankers came. In old times bankers used to advance money on valuables, and thus were gradually transformed into pawn-brokers. At first, the

balls were always painted with a blue color, and it is only quite lately that they have been gilded.

The colored lights in the windows of the apothecaries of the present day are also a reminiscence of the days when street-lamps were not, and those who would do business by night must notify the public of the fact in some such way as this.

The reign of sign-boards is pretty well over now in England. It has passed away with many of the other pretty, quaint, inconvenient customs whose absence we deplore, and whose presence we should grumble at daily. Since we have learned to number the houses in the streets, we no longer need a special name for each shop; and since the art of reading has become general, a simple board with "haberdashery," or "hosiery," painted upon it is sufficient. Sign-boards are now confined to inns and public-houses, and, as we look at these quaint relics of a ruder age, we may still think of

"Falstaff revelling his rough mates between,"

at the Boar's Head; of the circle of wits who met nightly at "Will's;" of good Sir Roger de Coverley, gazing in dismay at his own features, thinly disguised as a "Sarcen's Head;" and all of the rest of the sign-boards which fiction or history has made famous.

RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS.

SECOND PAPER.

THE FREEDMEN OF RUSSIA.

IN our journey from Moscow to St. Petersburg, a distance of four hundred and three miles, we passed through many towns inhabited, in part or in whole, by the emancipated serfs. Some were in the fields at work; others were on the road with teams; and many thronged the depots where we stopped. They are a hardy race, strong to labor, and capable of much endurance. Both men and women have a physique well adapted to those who till the tough soil of Russia.

The history of these emancipated peasants is one of deep and thrilling interest. Legal serfage in Russia dates back to the times of Boris Godounof, in 1601. Prior to that time these peasants were roving hordes; but Godounof settled these restless classes by assigning to each family a personal and hereditary interest in the soil, which they were to till. This act was hailed as both politic and noble. The peasant was to give up his vagabond life, and in exchange he was to live on the land, till the soil, build his

house, pay his rates, and serve his country in time of war. To accomplish this philanthropic purpose Godounof gave millions of acres of the crown estates. But the good of his system was impaired by the appointment of overseers, who were as extortionate as they were brutal. Under their harsh treatment the peasant's life was a burden to himself, and he was wont to sing:

"My soul is God's,
My land is mine,
My head 's the Czar's,
My back is thine."

These terrible wrongs continued to increase down to the reign of Peter the Great. The overseer became the owner of the peasant, and the poor serf complained in his homely saw, "God is too high; the Czar is too distant." Peter the Great introduced some changes, and stopped the sale of serfs apart from the estate on which they lived. Catherine II studied the question of converting the serf's occupancy into a freehold. She confiscated the serfs belonging to the convents, placed them under a separate jurisdiction, and sought to improve the position of the peasant toward his lord. Her son Paul did more than his mother; for he limited the right of the lord to three days' labor in the season. Alexander I grappled with the difficult question, and ordained a class of "free peasants;" but the wars which engaged his attention diverted him from his generous purpose, and his "free peasants" fell back into their former condition. The hard nature of the Emperor Nicholas ill fitted him to be a reformer, but the ever-perplexing question troubled his soul, and he drew up a series of "Acts," which, however, never saw the light. He proposed much, but did little.

The good work of emancipation was reserved for the present emperor, Alexander II. His accession to the throne of the Russians, in 1855, was hailed with gladness by the poor peasants. By one of those divine inspirations of expectation which animate a long-oppressed people when the day of deliverance is nigh, they felt sure that the day of their redemption was at hand. They were not mistaken. The nobles pleaded and

protested; the landlords cursed their slaves, and defied their king. But the emperor was too calm to be disturbed, too firm to be intimidated. God had created him equal to the occasion. He pacified his nobles by kind words; he warned the landlords by vigorous acts. When they saw that emancipation was soon to be a fact they shouted, "Liberty without land;" but he replied, with imperial authority, "Liberty and land." He knew that freedom without the means of living would be a fatal gift.

The excitement was intense; the controversy was bitter. Princes, counts, and generals were against him; and he, sublime in his isolation, was against them. He was an autocrat for no mean purpose. On the 3d of March, 1861, he signed the Emancipation Act,—not, however, till he had placed his cannon in every street of St. Petersburg, and stationed the imperial guard at every gate of his palace.

On that illustrious day the serfs numbered forty-eight millions, consisting of three classes: 22,000,000 of common serfs; 3,000,000 of appanage peasants; and 23,000,000 of peasants belonging to the crown. The first were enfranchised by the Act of Emancipation; the second and third by the adoption of a subsequent law. Each freedman received a certain portion of land, and aid was promised to build the homestead. Nine provisional rules were promulgated to govern the liberated serf, and secure to him and to the crown the full fruits of liberty. Some disorders followed, and force was used to quell the disturbers intoxicated with the first full draught of freedom.

As in our own country, so in Russia, there is a division of opinion as to the practical benefits of emancipation. The wealthy and profligate nobles, who never saw their serfs and who never lived on their estates, but who spend their lives and fortunes in scenes of mirth, denounce free labor with the utmost contempt, and loudly proclaim the ruin of the empire. The political radicals rejoice in what has been done, but complain that the Czar did not go far enough; and hence they shout, "More liberty and more land." But between the two extremes lies

the truth. From all I saw and heard I am convinced the freedmen of Russia wear better clothes, live in better houses, eat better food. The women are tidier and happier; the children are sent to school; the men go more frequently to Church. All kinds of trade have received the impulse of a new life, commerce has been increased, and by recent imperial acts local parliaments have been established, wherein the voice of every peasant is heard who is ascending to the activities of a better social, religious, and political life.

But emancipation in Russia is not so manly as in this country. Our freedmen have the right to domicile where they please, and carry with them their possessions. The Russian freedman is hampered by nine restrictive rules, namely: He can not quit his village without the forfeiture of his share in the lands he has tilled. He must obtain the consent of the commune to move, or he can not occupy land elsewhere. No liabilities of the emperor's recruiting officer must remain undischarged. All arrears of local and imperial rates must be paid, and he must advance such taxes for the current year. All private claims and present contracts must be fully satisfied. He must be free from legal judgments. He must provide for the support of the indigent youthful and aged members of his family he may leave behind. All arrears of rent must be fully paid. He can not go more than ten miles distant, and in that case must have a certificate that he has been admitted to some other commune, or that he is the owner of land equal to two allotments. The object of these restrictions was to cure the serf of his Tartar habit to rove, and to bind him to the soil which he must cultivate. But such restrictive rules are tempered. They will be modified or repealed as schools are multiplied and the freedmen are educated. Russia could not, certainly did not, trust her peasants; we could and did trust ours; and the future must decide as to the comparative merits of the two plans.

Our freedmen are religious; so are the Russian. The liberated serfs throng the churches, and are devout to superstition.

The American freedmen are more emotional in their worship, know more of a personal salvation, and in average morals are also superior. Drunkenness is all but universal among the freedmen of Russia. Nowhere else, on all the face of the globe where I have been, have I seen so many men and women in groups of five and ten, in a state of almost helpless intoxication. In a drive of five miles from St. Petersburg I met hundreds of peasants on the road returning to their homes, and nine out of ten were drunk. You may infer the real state of the case from the fact that while the cost of the Russian army in 1874 was about one hundred and twenty million dollars, yet the revenue from excise duties on spirits and other intoxicating drinks for the same year was one hundred and forty million dollars, or twenty million dollars more for rum than for the national defense. This excess in intemperance may be due in part to the serf's liberty; for when in serfdom he was not allowed to drink whisky as he pleased, but once free, and without moral influences to restrain his appetites, he expressed his freedom by getting "gloriously drunk." This is the abuse of his liberty. Yet it is a noticeable fact that, while he spends much money for drink, he spends more for the real comforts of life. Political liberty must be restrained by Christian precepts.

ST. PETERSBURG.

It was early in a July morning when we drove through the magnificent streets of the imperial capital of the Czar to the Hotel d'Angleterre, where we found comfortable quarters at a reasonable price.

Less than two centuries ago this now splendid capital of the North was a miserable Swedish village. Having dispossessed the Swedes, Peter the Great, desiring to have a "window looking out into Europe," laid the foundations of the city which now bears his name. To accomplish his purpose the emperor drafted forty thousand peasants annually, for several years, from distant parts of his empire, and superintended the work in person. The small cottage still stands in which he resided during the prog-

ness of the work. It is now a shrine. It is one-story, fifty-five feet long and twenty feet wide. Herein is the kitchen wherein the empress cooked; the dining-room wherein the royal meals were served; and the small bedroom in which Peter and Catherine found repose. The latter is now a chapel of great sanctity with the Russians, and in it is the image of our Savior which Peter the Great carried in his battles to inspire his troops. It represents Christ crowned with thorns, and is the most remarkable expression of agony I have ever seen on canvas. As this cottage was the humble beginning of St. Petersburg, so here also is the boat which the emperor made with his own hands, which was the commencement of Russia's navy. Not far from the cottage, and between the fortress and the Neva, is the oldest church in the city. It is of wood, and severely plain. These are the mementos of simpler days.

In another part of the city, not far from the Cathedral of St. Isaac, is the equestrian statue of the great Peter, designed to commemorate the glories of his reign. It is a noble work of art. The emperor is represented reining in his horse on the brink of a rock, which weighs one thousand five hundred tons. The horse is balanced on his hinder legs, and the right hand of the Czar is stretched out pointing to the city, the result of his thought and will. The inscription is simply this: "*Petro Primo, Catherina Secunda.*"

The Neva flows through the city, and is spanned by some of the grandest bridges in the world. The river is divided by several large islands into two branches, the larger called the Great Neva and the other the Little Neva. These two branches unite and form the Bay of Cronstadt, the chief port of the city, and in which float the flags of all nations.

The streets of the city are broad and straight; the squares and parks are numerous and large; the dwellings are high and constructed of stone; the stores are elegant and equal to any on Broadway; the palaces are superb, and the churches are grand. In the evenings during the Summer twi-

light, which, in this high northern latitude, continues till eleven o'clock, the people gather in the parks to enjoy the music of the fountains. As in New York, so in St. Petersburg, the same sharp contrasts in the appearance of the people attract the attention of the traveler. Over against the splendid physique of some are placed the brute-like forms of others. The cultured and the ignorant walk the same streets. The prince and the beggar jostle each other; wealth and poverty meet in their extremes. Silks rustle and rags flutter on the same thoroughfare. The woman, whose delicate form is robed in queenly elegance, and the girl whose bare feet press the cold pavement, and tell of want and woe, pass along the same avenue. Manhood, pure and noble, and manhood vicious and degraded; womanhood, gentle and holy, and womanhood lost to shame, mingle in the same throng in the streets of the imperial city. As they appear upon the streets, the poor are distinguished from the rich in the style as well as in the quality of their dress. The better classes are attired according to the latest fashion; but the laboring classes wear the Russian cap and the long *surtout*, once the costume of prince and peasant. The Parisian toilet of the ladies is in striking contrast with the once national and still picturesque costume of their poorer sisters.

The traveler looks in vain for the homes of the poor, as such homes appear in London and New York. Every effort has been made to remove from the public gaze the usual signs of poverty.hovels and shanties are not to be seen in the royal capital. The poor have homes, but they are in large and substantially constructed dwellings, in each of which many tenants may reside; but the exterior is that of comfort. No city has more palaces, which are not confined to the aristocratic banks of the Neva, but dot the capital in every direction. Whether you stroll through the streets in the morning, at noon, or in the evening, you never fail to meet monks in the long, black robes of their monastic orders, and soldiers in their brilliant uniform. The Church and State are one; both are militant, neither is triumphant.

Directly opposite my hotel was the grand Cathedral of St. Isaac. I have lingered often and long in St. Peter's, in Rome, and in St. Paul's, in London; but I experienced a charm of sentiment and an emotion of devotion in St. Isaac's not realized elsewhere. For grandeur of proportions and magnificence of decorations this is among the noblest structures ever dedicated to God. Its cost is estimated at fifty million dollars. It was commenced in 1819 and completed in 1858. A million of dollars were expended in preparing a suitable foundation of piles driven into the swampy soil. Constructed of granite, it is in the form of a Greek cross, of four equal sides, being three hundred feet from wall to wall. At each of the four entrances there is a superb peristyle. Each pillar is of red Finland granite, seven feet in diameter and sixty feet high, monolithic and highly polished, and crowned with a Corinthian capital of bronze. On the side facing the Neva, and on the one directly opposite is a grand portico composed of sixteen of these grand monoliths. At each angle of the great edifice are bronze figures, representing angels. In each of the four grand pediments are colossal figures in bronze, the several groups representing the birth, death, resurrection and ascension of our Lord; and surmounting the pediments are the twelve apostles, divided into four groups. Over the peristyles, and at twice their height, rises the central dome, higher than it is wide, in accordance with Byzantine proportions, and supported by thirty gigantic pillars of polished granite. Three hundred feet high, that imposing dome is of iron overlaid with gold, and is crowned with a miniature temple of the whole, not unlike a chapel on the mountain-top. And above this rises a golden cross which is seen from afar.

The interior is in keeping with the exterior. The great doors of the main entrance are bronze ornamented with colossal figures in relief. Let us enter and tread its marble pavement. Four immense piers support the great dome, the interior of which is richly gilded and elaborately painted. High up in the miniature temple is a white dove suspended, which, when seen from the floor of

the church, especially when the setting sun shines upon its wide-spread wings, seems to the beholder like a thing of life. The walls, the piers, and pilasters are incased with beautiful marble. On wall and pier are large and remarkable pictures, representing the baptism, the transfiguration, the crucifixion, and resurrection of the Savior. But the glory of the interior is the ikonostas, adorned with twelve pillars of malachite, and two of lapis-lazuli, and with a floor of polished porphyry. The "royal door" of the ikonostas is bronze, twenty-three feet high and fifteen wide. The malachite columns, which serve as a screen, are thirty feet in height, and exceed any thing of the kind that ever has been made in that material; and the elegant pillars of lapis-lazuli cost sixty thousand dollars. Within this colonnaded screen is the inmost shrine, a circular temple of pure gold, the dome of which is supported by eight Corinthian columns of malachite, each eight feet high, which weigh twenty-four thousand pounds, and cost one hundred thousand dollars. This glorious ikonostas is all that art could create or wealth procure.

Within this magnificent cathedral we lingered hour after hour, observing the Russians at their devotions. On entering the church, each worshiper purchases a wax candle, a supply of which is kept near the door, and the sale of which constitutes a large revenue. Bearing the candle in his hand he sinks upon his knees, slowly approaches one of the shrines, bows his head to the pavement, crosses his breast with his thumb and two fore-fingers of the right hand, lights his votive candle at the holy lamp, sets it up in one of the holes in a large silver plate, kisses the altar, recites his brief prayer, and retires slowly with his face still to the altar, kneeling and crossing himself.

RUSSIA'S RELIGIOUS LIFE.

There is an intensity in the religious life of the Russian. Sincerity, reverence, and faith characterize his devotions. The Church ceremonies are a beautiful symbolism. The lighted taper is a symbol of the continued life of the soul, and at each baptism, be-

trothal, marriage, and interment, the wax candle burns, which is also the pledge of the presence of the Holy Spirit. The universal custom of making the sign of the cross is no less significant. The head, the shoulders, and the heart, are touched to signify, "I dedicate my mind, my strength, and my love to thee, O Lord." This sentiment is embodied in the every-day life of the Russian Christian. It touches life at every point from the cradle to the grave. The Russian child is hardly considered born into the world until blessed by the "servant of God." The youth recites his prayers in school, on the play-ground, and when at work. His angel is with him early and late, and he places a picture of this angel over the pillow on which he sleeps. In his marriage, and at his dying bed, the Church is with the Russian even more than at his birth and baptism. When he enters a new house, or opens a new trade, or moves from one set of lodgings to another, or goes on a journey, or returns therefrom, he must have the blessing of his parish priest, and twelve times a year the priest enters his house to sprinkle with holy water his rooms, cleanse them with prayer, and sign them with the cross.

The Russians are a nation of Church-goers, early and late; and one-third of the days in the year are feast-days. They have not yet learned that all days are holy to the good man, and that to him life is one beautiful Sabbath. They would be richer could they learn this. Their multiplied Church festivals are a serious drawback to the industrial wealth of the State and to the income of the laboring classes. But superstition is stronger than the love of money. They neglect home and business to keep a feast. The feast of Elias is a high day with the Russians, who entertain the belief that on that day Elijah rides in his chariot, the thunder of whose wheels is heard on earth, hence the saying, "It always thunders on Elijah's day." When the thunder is not heard the supposition is the old prophet failed to take his accustomed ride.

The Greek service is exceedingly imposing. The officiating priests are robed in gold, and the bishops wear jeweled tiaras. The Church

service consists of hymns, prayers, Scriptural readings, and a sermon. The Old Testament is read only during evening service which is intended to be prophetic of the morning service when the New Testament is read. On great festivals there are imposing processions with banners, and pictured saints and clouds of incense and sweetest music. There is in all this more devotion than godliness. There is the form without the power. Yet this is not universal; there are within the Russian Church many living Christians whose lives are replete with deeds of charity and acts of true worship. I met one Russian lady who is active in Night Refuges, or homes for the poor Magdalens, and two princesses who were building homes for the working classes. Not a few of the nobility attended the ministry of Lord Radstock, in the British and American chapel, and there heard his earnest discourses on the "higher life." Count Schuvaloff, now Russian Minister to the Court of St. James, invited Lord Radstock to hold services in his palace, and there the count related his personal experience. And the beautiful Dagmar, the Crown-princess of all the Russias, requested the English evangelist to visit her for religious conversation.

On our way to the Kazan we passed the Summer Gardens, at the Neva entrance to which is a beautiful miniature temple erected to commemorate the deliverance of the czar from the murderous attack by Karakozoff in 1866. Over the doorway and in letters of gold are the words, "Touch not mine anointed." The cost was defrayed by the voluntary subscriptions of prince and peasant. Immediately after the assault the emperor went to the Kazan and returned thanks. On his return to the palace, where all the members of the imperial family awaited to congratulate him, he sent for the peasant, Komissaroff, who had saved his life, embraced and kissed him, and made him a nobleman.

The cathedral, dedicated to "Our Lady of Kazan," is two hundred and thirty-eight feet long and one hundred and eighty-two feet wide, and cost three millions of dollars. The Greek cross which surmounts the dome

is two hundred and thirty feet above the ground. The interior is colonnaded in imitation of St. Peter's in Rome. Its chief attraction is the image of the Virgin, brought from Kazan in 1579, which is adorned with jewels valued at seventy-five thousand dollars. Over the door of the ikonostas is the name of the Almighty rendered in precious stones. Here is the tomb of General Kutusoff Somolenskoi, who fought Napoleon in 1812. He lies buried on the spot where he prayed before setting out to meet the enemy. On the pillars of this military looking cathedral are suspended the baton of Davoust and the keys of many conquered cities.

Crossing the Neva on a pontoon bridge we entered the church of St. Peter and St. Paul, the mausoleum of Russia's monarchs since the foundation of St. Petersburg, except Peter II, who was interred in Moscow. Here sleep in death Peter the Great, Catherine II, Alexander I, Nicholas I, and Nicholas II, who died at Nice in 1865. Attached to the statue that stands near the tomb of the Emperor Alexander is his diamond wedding-ring. On the cathedral walls are the trophies of war, such as standards, flags, shields, battle-axes, and the keys of captured fortresses.

On our return we visited the Winter Palace, where the czar resides during the long Winter season. Standing on the left bank of the Neva, it is four stories high, four hundred and fifty-five feet in length by three hundred and fifty feet in breadth. Like that of all royal abodes, its furniture is magnificent. Here we were permitted to see the crown jewels of Russia. The splendid Orloff diamond, which weighs one hundred and ninety-four carats, surmounts the imperial scepter. It once formed the eye of an idol in India, from which it was stolen by a Frenchman, by whom it was sold to a Jew, who sold it to an Armenian merchant, who sold it to Count Orloff, who gave it to Catherine II. In the same glass case is the imperial crown, which is in the form of a dome, surmounted by a cross composed of five beautiful diamonds. The cross rests upon a large uncut ruby, spinel and polished, and under the ruby is a foliated arch

of eleven immense diamonds. The sections of the dome are a mass of the same precious stones, and twenty-eight diamonds adorn the band that supports the crown. The coronet of the empress is correspondingly superb, composed of one hundred diamonds of the most brilliant luster. And in other cases we saw a glorious sapphire of a greenish, blue color, large and exquisite pearls, and Siberian beryls, pink and black.

Language is inadequate to portray the glories of the Hermitage, adjoining the Winter Palace, and founded by Catherine II. In one of its apartments that remarkable woman, at once the glory and shame of her sex, spent her leisure evenings in conversation with philosophers and artists, statesmen, and warriors. The great structure is a parallelogram, five hundred and fifteen feet long, and three hundred and seventy-five feet wide. It is now a museum of art and antiquities, the rarest in the world. Therein are the finest malachite and violet jasper from Siberia; antiquities from Egypt and Nineveh, Greece and Rome; two thousand pictures; the best of the Italian, French, Spanish, German, Dutch, Flemish, and English schools; and statuary from the chisels of the greatest masters.

From cathedrals and palaces we turned to visit the institutions of science, which abound in St. Petersburg. The Academy of Sciences was founded by Peter the Great, who employed Leibnitz to prepare the statutes for the same. It has three departments: Mathematical Science, Russian Language and Literature, History and Philology. The library contains one hundred and forty-seven thousand volumes, and among the valuable MSS. are those of the celebrated Kepler, in eighteen volumes. In the Museum of Natural History are numerous and rare specimens of animals, plants and minerals.

Near the academy is the university, which is annually attended by four hundred students. The Academy of Fine Arts is one of the chief attractions in the imperial city, and therein we saw some Russian works of much merit. In what is called the Mining School is the richest collection of minerals in the world, its only competitor being that in

the British Museum. Therein is displayed to fine effect the enormous mineral wealth of the Empire. The specimens in gold are worth fifty thousand dollars, and are mostly from the eastern slopes of the Ural. One nugget is valued at twenty thousand dollars. Arranged in cases are beryls, tourmalines, topazes, and crystals. There we saw a monster topaz, of a yellow brown hue, valued at two thousand five hundred dollars; a flesh-colored crystal; a green beryl, weighing five pounds avoirdupois, and estimated at twenty-five thousand dollars; rose-tinted tourmalines of great beauty; and a solid mass of malachite, whose weight is not less than two thousand five hundred pounds.

The Imperial Public Library is one of the richest libraries in Europe, wherein are a million of printed volumes and twenty thousand MSS. in ancient and modern languages. The spacious reading-room is annually frequented by not less than one hundred thousand persons. Among its rarer works is a codex, containing the four evangelists on purple vellum, in letters of gold, supposed to be the work of the Empress Theodora. It was captured by the Russian troops in Asia Minor, in 1829. The marginal notes are in letters of silver; a complete set of printed versions of the Bible in all the known languages of the world; and also a missal, which belonged to Mary, Queen of Scots, on the margin of which are numerous lines of poetry in her handwriting.

Such is the merest outline of the great Capital of the North. Russia is now passing through a mighty religious and educational change. The present *Metropolit* was appointed by the Czar because of his liberal views on religious toleration. For the first time in the history of the Empire, a foreign princess marrying into the imperial family has been permitted to retain the religion in which she was educated. When the Grand Duchess Maria, of Mecklenburg, was married to the Grand Duke Vladimir, her Lutheran pastor performed, on her part, the marriage ceremonies in the Winter Palace. More recently the emperor has granted permission to the agents of the British and Foreign Bible Society, to circulate the Holy Scrip-

tures throughout the Empire. The common mind of Russia is to be educated. The emperor has ordered the reorganization of the district schools. The standard of learning has been raised. Education is now compulsory among the children of the Cossacks. Free public lectures are now delivered for the benefit of the masses. A female gymnasium has been established in Moscow. Reading-rooms, scientific museums, and universities are now open to all in St. Petersburg; and ten millions in gold are annually expended for the advancement of education.

With a single bound Russia has cleared a whole century of European progress. The spirit of a better civilization has taken possession of the body politic. The emperor is the most enlightened, the most liberal, the most devout sovereign in Europe. He has done much; much more remains to be accomplished. He has resolved on the reformation of the clergy, a difficult, but necessary task. He is developing the vast internal resources of his dominions, by which he hopes to render Russia great and independent. He loves peace and hates war. But with him an honorable war is preferable to an inglorious peace. He could no longer consent to be excluded from the Black Sea, but demands for his naval marine access to the Mediterranean through the Bosphorus. He is now doing single handed and alone what the great powers should do in combination; he is fighting for the religious freedom of the Slavi of the Danubian Principalities. He is aiming at the overthrow of a stupendous religious imposture; the disruption of an empire founded on a lie, and perpetuated by fraud and violence; and the emancipation of twenty-three millions of Europeans and Asiatics who are kept poor, ignorant, and superstitious, by an intolerant, licentious, and selfish aristocracy. Any rule is better than Turkish rule. To witness the despotism of that rule you must go beyond Constantinople; you must penetrate the interior, where foreign influence is not a protection. If in her war against the Sultan Russia seeks for additional territory, this is a lesser evil than the perpetuity of a government without justice and without mercy.

The symbol of the Turkish State and Church is the crescent, but it is the crescent of an old moon, destined to disappear from the firmament of nations. Success to Russia! Let the Danubian Principalities become a union of independent States. Let Constantinople become a free city, a municipality, with a citizenship from all

nations. Let Asia Minor be added to Asiatic Russia, from the Bosphorus to the mountains of Armenia. Let Egypt and the whole continent of Africa be the portion of Protestant England. Let Syria and Palestine be given to the Jews, with Jerusalem for a capital, to be rebuilt and made holy for the coming of the Messiah.

THE UNSETTING SUN.



Roses of Weimar, full and fair
 Lean from the lattice and garden hedge,
 Pouring perfume to the roses rare
 That cluster over the grassy stair
 Of the terrace down to the river's edge.

Roses of Weimar—two fair maids—
 Sit in the deepening sunset glow,
 And watch the play of the lights and shades,
 The gold that flushes to red, and fades
 In the opal-blue of the Saale below.

Marguerite, shading her eyes of gray,
 Listlessly watches the pageant pass.
 "Faded! So in a Summer day
 The reign of roses shall pass away,
 And so shall my little life, alas!

"But life is one, and the living rose,"
Says fair Helena, "may bud and bloom,
Or sleep in a brown root under the snows;
The life unceasingly flows and flows
Through Summer's glory, through Winter's gloom.

And light is one, for the golden bow
Of a ceaseless sunset spans the earth,
And the tide of light in its westward flow
Forever dies in a heavenly glow,
Forever wakes in a sunrise birth."

"Forever," and Marguerite's wistful eyes
Gather a light from the fading west,
"Forever to walk in a sweet surprise;
To daily die, and to daily rise
To a larger life with a heart at rest.

That would be heaven to such as I—
The morning after a night of fear."
"The faithful sun," is the swift reply,
"Shines on and on in a shadeless sky,
When we are asleep in the shadows here."

"And what is the sign of the coming day
To spirits in prison?" "Faint and far,
When golden, blent with the amber ray,
To fathomless purple melts away,
Trembles the luminous evening star."

"Your star of promise!" Helena cries,
"Out of a fading of sense and sight;
Out of a dying your life shall rise,
And, lo! a hope in your timid eyes
Shines, as the star, from the unseen light."



THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

THE moment is opportune for saying a few words about De Quincey. Every reader of recent English literature must have had his curiosity provoked now and then to learn somewhat more about this strange being. Vague rumors respecting his various learning, singular personal habits, and remarkable conversational powers have long been floating in the air wherever English reading men assemble. Yet unless one has made an especial study of his career and writings, or has an accessible friend of the omniscient order, he will be apt to find his real knowledge of De Quincey rather vague. Should such a person deplore this unfortunate situation, doubtless he will take fresh heart over the announcement that two New York publishers have now rendered such ignorance needless, and therefore unpardonable. The Riverside edition of De Quincey's writings has just been issued by Hurd & Houghton. In this, one article is omitted which had been printed as his in the previous American edition, but without the author's sanction. Another neglected production of his pen, a paper about Professor Wilson, has been inserted instead; and thus the reader may flatter himself that he has all that is worth having of De Quincey. Even the latest notes and prefaces are inserted, and every pains has been used to render the edition worthy of the judicious firm that sends it forth.

To complete the reader's good fortune, Scribner, Armstrong & Co. have published Mr. H. A. Page's recent "Life and Writings of De Quincey," in two volumes. Though this work does not add very greatly to our previous resources for acquaintance with De Quincey's career, it presents in a clear and reasonable way the story of his life. Mr. Page had no easy task to perform in this biography. All the more momentous events and periods of his existence had been narrated by De Quincey himself, with a curious abundance of details. Of course, the biographer must incorporate this material,

under peril of impoverishing his book; and yet he could not venture to employ it all without risking the destruction of any unity and proportion in his work. Mr. Page has struggled against these serious obstacles with considerable success; and yet he lies under the immense and unavoidable disadvantage of perpetually recalling to the reader's mind the never-to-be-forgotten splendors of the wonderful autobiographer. Yet it should be said, on behalf of Mr. Page, that any reader who is on the lookout for a reasonably clear account of De Quincey's whole career should consult these careful and modest volumes before meddling with De Quincey's accounts of himself. If he will then peruse the various autobiographical papers, as well as those which discuss his literary friends and neighbors, pervaded as these all are with perpetual references to the author, he will collect about as complete a notion of the man as can well be had.

Passing from these good tidings for the reader to the contents of the volumes themselves, we shall at once find it impossible within the limits of this article to enumerate and characterize them all. Immense was the number of topics over which De Quincey's literary activity ranged. Of course he dealt with some of these very inadequately, while others were handled with wonderful mastery. His power shows itself in some fragments in a striking way that makes us wish he had exerted it in that manner more frequently,—an instance of which appears in his reflections upon the knocking at the gate in "Macbeth." He prided himself upon a thorough acquaintance with German literature; yet all his criticism of the great names of that literature has a strange appearance of superficiality and weakness. He vaunts his knowledge of Kant; and yet the ordinary reader must be impressed with the feeble grasp he shows in all that pertains to German philosophy. However, we must avoid these seductive themes, and pursue the humbler task of sketching the career of De

Quincey and indicating the chief sources of interest in his writings.

Thomas De Quincey was born at Greenhays, near Manchester, the 15th of August, 1785. His father was engaged in mercantile pursuits. So successful had his career been that, when he died in his thirty-ninth year, he was able to leave his family in the enjoyment of an annual income of £1,600. The accounts that are given of the early life of De Quincey reveal a considerable luxury in the domestic appointments of the family. The unusual care taken about his religious and intellectual training shows that his parents had serious views of their obligations. The early introduction into noble society which their son enjoyed marks also the social position to which they might pretend. Through the misfortunes of the firm in which the elder De Quincey had been a partner, and the incompetency of their legal guardians, the family seem not to have derived all the advantages that might have been expected from their inheritance. Their subsequent history illustrates Emerson's remark that the advantage of wealth remains with him who gets it.

Some incidents of this period are noteworthy as showing the presence in the child of those traits which were afterwards most characteristic of the man. A dream is recorded as happening in his second year so remarkable as to show that the marvelous visions depicted in the "Confessions" had their ultimate cause in something else than opium. He was a dreamer of dreams by the secret fore-ordination of his constitution, of his inmost being, else he could never have been visited by such sublime visions, nor have retained even their most delicate impressions down to old age. Not opium alone acting upon any organization, mental and physical, suffices for the production of such strange and brilliant phantasms, but opium operating through such a bodily frame upon the slumbering energies of an opulent imagination. Facts may be cited to prove that opium sometimes has a deadening effect upon the most sprightly fancy. A richly gifted writer was moved by an admiring perusal of De Quincey's "Confessions" to

try the effects of opium upon his own system. Unlike the English opium-eater, he enjoyed perfect health; whilst, like him, his imagination was remarkable for strength and delicacy. Repeatedly he swallowed doses of laudanum which De Quincey himself would not have despised; but in all these trials two quite unlooked-for results appeared: first, there was no noticeable change in the bodily condition, no drowsiness or disturbance in the pulse showed itself; secondly, when the opium was taken just before the hours of sleep no dreaming whatever disturbed his repose. This novel feature of the case was the more noteworthy because under ordinary conditions his sleeping hours were invariably filled with delightful visions. The instance of Coleridge, a far greater consumer of laudanum than De Quincey, may be adduced also to show that something more than rare gifts of imagination are demanded in the devotee of opium before such splendid dreamy results as De Quincey's will appear.

The account given of the death of his sister Elizabeth, which fell out in his sixth year, and the extraordinary impressions left upon De Quincey by that mournful event, should teach us that his mind had originally that vast reiterative and repercussive quality through which any strong emotion, whether sad or joyous, becomes dilated in our apprehension of it into something infinite and universal. It was through this peculiarity of his mind that he retained such a vivid recollection of the final return of his death-stricken father to Greenhays—a sudden vision flashing past, and yet stamped ineffaceably upon the lad's memory. These earlier incidents also give reasonableness to his account of the heart-rending effect of the death of Wordsworth's daughter, Kate, upon his mind—an effect which to most people will seem, as it evidently did to Wordsworth, extravagantly out of proportion to its cause.

De Quincey was educated in a somewhat irregular manner. First, he was under the tuition of one of his guardians, the Rev. Mr. Hall, of Salford, who taught him a little Latin. When his mother removed to Bath Thomas was transferred to the grammar-

school of that place. Here he was under the tuition of a Mr. Morgan, whom he characterizes as an accomplished Etonian. In this school he presently showed great facility in acquiring the classical languages, so that his tutors pronounced him at sixteen not only fitted for the university, but likely to win distinction there. His legal guardians decided that only £150 a year could be bestowed on his education, and they also thought this sum too small to meet the expenses of education at Oxford. Young De Quincey thought otherwise, and longed to make the attempt; perhaps he had already heard of the common expedient, of which he was yet to have such sad experience, of borrowing at high interest of fraudulent Jews. In his account of Oxford he devotes himself to showing that he might have lived on his annual allowance. Might, indeed! He can not help showing, half unconsciously, that he could have done nothing of the kind. The very first thing he did on appearing at the university was to get rid in needless ways of so much money that he was forced to choose Worcester College, which he did not like, on account of its cheaper terms. It was no doubt their knowledge of these traits in his character which led his guardians to decide that he should attend the Manchester Grammar-school for three years. Probably they thought a greater ripeness in years and scholarship desirable; and certainly they were right in supposing that the addition of fifty pounds a year to his income, to which he would be entitled on leaving the Manchester school, was indispensable for him. This result was a severe blow to De Quincey's hopes. He was weary of the petty vexations of school life, and longed for the larger freedom and opportunities of the university. He submitted reluctantly, and remained at Manchester eighteen months; then his reluctance was changed into disgust. The master was pedantic, and did not know too well what he was set to teach. The older pupils soon detected his weakness in scholarship, and, as befell Richter in like circumstances, they lost all respect for him as a teacher.

De Quincey yearned with morbid eager-

ness to break away and get forth into the world. He escaped one night from the school, and betook himself to Chester, where his mother at this time resided. He hoped to see one of his sisters, and make some arrangement through which he might receive from home a regular allowance of money. He was unexpectedly confronted with his maternal uncle, Colonel Penson, who brought him to his mother. Inconceivably enough she consented to furnish him a guinea a week while he went wandering off whithersoever a vagrant fancy or the devil might lead him. What kind of a mother could this have been to send a delicate, sensitive lad, bred to luxury, forth upon the rough highways of a wicked world? As frequently happens, the boy was only too glad to go upon adventures. Off he went upon the maddest of pilgrimages. His equipment consisted of a small bundle of clothes, a guinea or two in his purse, two petty editions of poems, one English and the other *Æschylus*—his favorite among the Greeks—in his pocket, and that guilelessness of heart which in all conditions of life often draws its own protection from the most unlikely sources. At first he frequented inns, but found them too expensive; then he began to sleep in the open air, usually upon some remote hillside chosen to yield him protection against wind and rain. He bought such food as he could command, subsisted largely upon wild fruits, lodged sometimes with cottagers, whose kindness he repaid by writing letters about business or love. This strange life went on, so far as we can gather from Mr. Page's rather vague accounts, for months, until Summer air and dry ground failing, he was forced to seek different lodgings. It seems, too, that he now began to fear pursuit and capture by his guardians, so that he ceased to apply for the stipulated guinea a week, and turned his step towards London. There he hoped to borrow of Jews two hundred pounds upon his expectations. He dreamed that he could live upon that sum until in four years he should come of age.

This strange tale seems incredible. All this going on for several weeks and perhaps

months, and yet no inquiry on the part of respectable guardians, no flutter of anxiety from a fond mother? What would render such behavior on her side the stranger is the fact that already one son, not yet fourteen, had been gone more than a year forth upon as strange adventures as often happen to men. Was Thomas to be helped off in this reckless manner, with no thought that he too might be lost in as complete an obscurity as had so early gathered over the whereabouts of beautiful and beloved Prink? For my part I decline to believe in such unmotherly conduct on the part of Mrs. De Quincey until that good lady has been heard from. I think the erratic Thomas *ran away*, as he afterwards did from his *viva voce* examination at Oxford; and that he was beset with his customary desire to prove himself right in that as in all his other transactions in life, no doubt he did not intend to reflect upon his mother's conduct, and, indeed, his tale would carry the notion that he had never discovered any thing out of the way in the conduct he so thoughtlessly ascribes to her. Whoever tries to explain the course of events on the theory that Thomas ran away, will find the bearing of all the parties extremely natural, and quite as unnatural on any other theory.

But whether fugacious or timorous, young De Quincey stayed some time in London, herding with vagrants and knaves of the worst sort, and protected against the police and other foes by the peripatetics of the sidewalks. Here, too, he formed a Platonic attachment to a damsel whose usual attachments were in the vilest sense mercenary—that Ann of Oxford Street, who was afterwards to cling with such unyielding tenacity to his memory and reappear under such manifold variations of form in his opium-provoked visions. There is every reason to credit his account of Ann's conduct towards himself; for philanthropists and missionaries whose work takes them a great deal among such women, affirm that such behavior is not unusual in them. It has often been observed that a gamester, a prostitute, or a murderer even, often exhibits great anxiety that his children should be reared in an

atmosphere of purity—mournful and touching self-condemnation in souls given over to evil!

While De Quincey was negotiating with the cautious sharpers who were to satisfy his needs, he approached the verge of starvation, and knew the wretchedness of the husks and rags of the Prodigal Son. In the worst strain of his troubles he chanced upon a friend of the family from whom he borrowed money enough to buy a suit of clothes and pay his expenses home. No more surprise seems to have been felt concerning his abrupt return than had been felt over his unsuspected departure. Once back, he fell into fresh quarrels with friends; worsted them in all logical encounters despite helpless efforts to defeat himself; and, finally, under a taunt that he was wasting time, set off to undertake Oxford life on a yearly allowance of one hundred pounds.

In the university he lived a recluse life; read no end of English literature; studied German and Hebrew under the lead of a Mr. Schwarzburg, a German; got in debt for books; dressed so shabbily as to attract gentle rebuke; borrowed money of Jews at exorbitant interest; and worked diligently for his degree. He entered the final examination with excellent prospects, did the written work in masterly style, got angry with some examiner, did not appear for the *viva voce*, and so lost his degree.

While Coleridge and Wordsworth had as yet won no credit with the great public and encountered only disdainful notice from the lords of the critical press, they both had the good fortune to awaken deep and reverential admiration in young De Quincey. Towards these still unrecognized geniuses his sentiments amounted to religious veneration. Once he went up to Cumberland to call on Wordsworth, and then, awed at his own temerity, he turned away from the poet's threshold. Another time he purposed going all the way to Malta just to see Coleridge. He wrote to Wordsworth in 1803 from Oxford, and was enraptured to receive a reply. The day when he first met Coleridge seemed to him forever memorable. He went so far as secretly to give three hundred pounds to

Coleridge, who was just then oppressed with debts. It was natural, therefore, that De Quincey should betake himself to Grasmere, where he finally settled down to matrimony and literature. His great friends gave him a cordial welcome. They were certainly a strange group, this knot of literary gentlemen assembled in picturesque Westmoreland; and it is small wonder that the Dalesmen thought them mad. Wordsworth had a queer habit of flinging his arms about as he walked around the region muttering over his verses. Coleridge appears from De Quincey's sketch to have had in a high degree the power of tiring out the admiration and generosity of all friends who sought to help his helplessness a little; and he was now in full bondage to his opium-eating habits. Kit North sometimes rose in the very early Summer morning, mounted a hunter, and pursued any stray bull which he encountered with all the fury, if not with all the skill, of the Spanish *torador*. Hither, too, came De Quincey, the maddest dreamer of dreams, sleeping away whole days under the spells of laudanum, uncanny in his general aspect, and given to night wanderings as earnestly as though he had been some unapprehensible spook. Southey was in the strict sense the only man of the world among them, and his intercourse with the rest must have resulted in many half-comical, half-provoking scenes. Of these De Quincey records an amusing specimen. The scene was De Quincey's dining-room, the violator of proprieties William Wordsworth, the temptation to evil-doing his desire to take an inside view of an uncut volume of the complete works of Edmund Burke. The only instruments at hand for such a service were knives well smeared with butter. Wordsworth looked first at the book and then at the knives, and finally, impatient of so much delay, seized a knife and sent it into the very heart of the beautiful volume. De Quincey had the good grace to exult in the possession of these well buttered pages; but one can easily understand, after this story, why fastidious Southey told De Quincey, "to introduce Wordsworth into one's library is like letting a bear loose in a tulip-

garden." Probably their humbler neighbors did think them somewhat cracked; for it is said that two of these, meeting one morning and asking each other if there was any thing new, the only news reported was, "Old Wordsworth is broke loose again." De Quincey says that the natives had an almost perfect ignorance of and contempt for literature and literary men; and there may have been a touch of both sentiments in the oft-told story that a son of the soil once pointed out Wordsworth's dwelling to one who visited the spot soon after the poet's death, with the remark that doubtless the old 'ooman kept up the same line of business.

But though these men were instances of the remark of Louis XIV, that no man is a hero to his valet, they have rendered inestimable services to English letters, and hence have become objects of perdurable interest to mankind. One great charm of De Quincey is that he sheds so much light upon them and their ways. He knew them early, long and intimately, so that few ever could have been so well furnished for giving faithful portraits of them. One serious drawback in biography is the prevalent disposition to paint every thing in fine colors. This, particularly, is the misfortune of all biographers who write a good while after the death of their heroes, and without having had long continued and familiar intercourse with the men whose story they recite. Wordsworth never wrote a truer remark than one which occurs in his first letter to De Quincey: "How many things there are in a man's character of which his writings, however miscellaneous or voluminous, will give no idea." When we wish to know the *true truth* about the character of men, we shall be fortunate if we learn their story from men who knew them well, loved them not too much, and made it a point to depict all their essential faults as well as virtues. Every body has his weak side, said Sainte Beuve, the most skillful modern painter of literary portraits. Toward the close of his long career, De Quincey combined all these qualifications for giving the world pictures of the lake poets and essayists of the highest veracity. If any qualification of this

remark is needed, we should make it by saying that toward the end he seems to have enjoyed painting their *warts* rather too well; for it is freely confessed by De Quincey that a considerable coolness gradually supplanted his earlier affectionate regard for Coleridge and Wordsworth. Yet his admiration for them was always great, and his estimate of their work high. It was said that De Quincey made rather too free with the knowledge he had slowly accumulated in his protracted connection with them; and certainly he can not be successfully defended against this charge. So conspicuous an instance of letting the left hand know what the right hand doeth as he at length made of his gift of three hundred pounds to Coleridge, will not easily be found elsewhere. Had Coleridge been informed by Cottle that the unknown and admiring friend reserved to himself the right of blabbing the whole story of his gift in the ears of millions of men, it is easy to imagine what answer he would have returned to such a proposal. Nevertheless, we know Coleridge better, and unhappily De Quincey better also, for this indecent revelation. Perhaps the poet never paid so dearly for any act of weakness as this; and let it be recorded for De Quincey that he might have taught the old Pharisees a finer trick than sounding a trumpet *before* their alms-giving. But in spite of such facts, we are largely indebted to this indiscreet babbler for our information about his literary contemporaries. They, too, if they are like most authors, may not be wholly ungrateful for the part he has had in making them known in all the earth.

When De Quincey had been settled in Grasmere about a dozen years, his property had largely been dissipated by losses and uncalculating generosity, so that he was forced to betake himself to literature to provide for his family. In the Spring of 1821, he went to London to seek literary employment. He had good reason to expect success. He was nearly thirty-six years old. He had spent a large part of his patrimony, and most of his days until then in study and reading. His knowledge was very extensive, and in some departments quite

exact. Nature had given him a mind in which logical power was combined with remarkable vigor of imagination, but contained in a somewhat weakly frame. He had begun opium-eating some years before, and had carried the practice to such an extent that he might reasonably think few men better skilled in its workings than himself. By whom the idea was suggested of his "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," he has not distinctly narrated; only some who had heard him in conversation proposed that theme for his first appearance in the *London Magazine*. They were mainly written in a little room at No. 4 Covent Garden. De Quincey himself says:

"When I had slept at more regular hours for several nights consecutively, and had armed myself by a sudden increase of the opium for a few days running, I recovered at times a remarkable glow of jovial spirits. In some such artificial respites it was, from my usual state of distress, and purchased at a heavy price of subsequent suffering, that I wrote the greater part of the 'Opium Confessions,' in the Autumn of 1821."

The "Confessions" took the public by storm, and revealed in their author a genius alike eccentric and powerful. I shall not discuss the "Confessions" as a literary phenomenon at any great length. Apart from the interest which attaches to them as manifestations of genius working under abnormal conditions, they constitute De Quincey's main claim to high rank as a writer of picturesque and musical prose. He tells a correspondent that Richter was his favorite among the great writers of Germany; had he kept back this admission, it would have been impossible to overlook the influence of Jean Paul upon his style. He is a noble example of what such wisely guarded imitation may lead to; but somehow De Quincey almost never gives us that perfect satisfaction which is always yielded to us by perfect art. There must be a multitude of readers who were entirely captivated by the "Confessions" on a first reading, but whose fascination abated on a second perusal; many a man in middle life who wonders over the intense enthusiasm of his youth for these

marvelous prose poems. This never happens with writers of the highest order; once understood, they never lose their fresh and perpetual charm. Chaucer and Shakspeare, Dante and Cervantes, never forget their royalty, never lay aside their supreme enchantment. Far below these royal souls stand writers like De Quincey. At a distance, and in certain attitudes, we may mistake them for royal; but the moment we approach them in examination, they appear to shrink and assume humbler airs. Nevertheless, in his best work De Quincey is worthy of careful study. If what he offers as wit is usually not wit, and what he sometimes takes for inspiration too often turns out mere inflation; if he sometimes falls into the mistakes he professes to abhor; and if you often forget what he started to say, while he chases down a score of diverging and far-fetched suggestions, be patient with him, and, in some divine moment of self-forgetfulness, his genius will get possession of him and show effects of such strange brilliancy and power, as to secure him forever a fixed position of high rank in English letters.

As a rhetorical musician his rank is very high. He had naturally an ear sensitive to all the complex and subtle harmonies, that speak to the mind in nature and in art. Just consider how much is implied in what he says about going out after the death of Charles Lloyd, to spend the evening seated on a stone beside the mountain river Brathay, where, he continues, I "have stayed for long evenings, listening for hours to the same sound, to which Charles Lloyd and I used to hearken together with profound emotion and awe, the sound of pealing anthems, as if pealing from the open portals of some illimitable cathedral; for such a sound does actually arise, in many states of the weather, from the peculiar action of the river Brathay upon its rocky bed; and many a time have I heard it, of a quiet night, when no stranger could have been persuaded to believe it other than the sound of choral chanting, distant, solemn, saintly. Its meaning and expression were, in these earlier years, uncertain and general; not more

pointed and determinate in the direction which it impressed upon one's feelings than the light of setting suns." Perhaps a more instructive citation could not be gathered out of all De Quincey's multitudinous works than this. As that thin, puny creature sits, silent and motionless, the long evening through, nature is speaking to his eyes and ears in such a magical way that his soul is penetrated with the secret of her harmonies and flooded with the iridescence of perpetual sunsets. The man to whom nature discovers herself in such wonderful revelations of sound and light would do violence to his own being, if he did not clothe his thoughts in melodious and picturesque expression. When a mere child, the choral services of the English Church had contributed much to arouse in him religious feeling, and turn his thoughts most earnestly upon the eternal verities of our Christian faith. At Oxford he felt it as one of the worst trials of his lot that he belonged to a college which had no organ in its chapel, so that he could not enjoy there the daily pleasure of choral symphonies. We shall find in these strongly indicated musical sensibilities the source of the sonorous harmonies which rise and flow onward through all the majestic convolutions of his poetical prose. His "Dream Fugue" could never have been written by any author who had been deficient in these unusual endowments. The great trouble is that the music sometimes runs on in a wild delirium of joy, when it has no justifiable ground for putting in an appearance. Then, too, his attempts at wit are very likely to occur at such places, and they are as much like wit as wrinkles are like smiles.

One other point in which De Quincey is worthy of a rather careful study is his way of making the most difficult transitions between objects the most remote. If he wishes to turn from the subject in hand to any thing in heaven or earth, in comes some apparently unpremeditated observation which seems about to pass by without further notice, when he takes a new look at it, sets it in fresh light, and beats out of it some line of association with his objective point, around which fresh ones spring up until it

seems as though nature's own hand had wrought the result. In Italy the proverb says, "All roads lead to Rome;" but with De Quincey any road leads every-where. It naturally happens that De Quincey runs into incessant digressions. They accumulate in his text, in his foot-notes, and in the notes to foot-notes, in which he frequently indulges; they invade his prefaces and beset his postscripts. It is like the "snowing up" of his rooms, so amusingly detailed in Page's "Life of De Quincey." He littered up his tables, chairs, desks, window-seats, chests, and finally the entire floor with little heaps of papers, containing each the materials of some intended work of a literary sort; and when he could find no further vacant space, he sometimes locked up the rooms and betook himself to fresh fields and pastures new. It would have been a more comfortable arrangement could some of his essays have stepped out and turned the key on their disturbers. They could hardly have been missed, while the additions would have got on quite as well together. In his account of Oxford, he assembles his friends at the university in order to get their advice, and without stopping to

give them seats, goes wandering off over a great variety of themes, through precisely eleven printed pages, when finally he comes back to those impatient collegians again. Even a worse instance is his account of his earliest relations with Charles Lamb. Here and there we get a glimpse of glorious *Elia*; but for one of Lamb ten of De Quincey; and still he does contrive, touch after touch, to strike out a portrait of the former which has about it, with exaggeration, a great air of verisimilitude. From such literary habits resulted another noticeable peculiarity. From his unexampled gift of digression De Quincey sometimes finds himself so far away from his starting point that it becomes very difficult to get back. Then he shows a spider like skill in making distant connections such as no other writer can boast. In more ordinary cases, he proceeds much more cunningly; for, as he goes along, he keeps dropping hints and suggestions of the intimate connection of each separate episode with the fundamental theme which so engrave it upon your mind, that you are incessantly wondering whether he will ever get back to that. Wonderful De Quincey!

MODERN EUROPEAN STATESMEN.

THE nineteenth century can boast few great statesmen. There are many mediocre diplomatists, but only two or three *hommes de politique* who deserve to be called true statesmen. Who these are none of our readers will be long in guessing. Bismarck, the Prussian premier and now the German chancellor, stands unmistakably first among them. He is the man "of blood and iron," and to-day holds in his hands by almost universal consent the destiny of the European nations. His word is law, and there is none to gainsay it.

In the days of Louis XIII, France knew only one man as its authority, and it was not the king, but his prime minister. Cardinal Richelieu (1585-1642), though a Roman subject by virtue of his ecclesiastical office, was yet a Frenchman first, and by his

love for France was drawn into a policy which, recognizing only his country's weal, put him in the front rank of the statesmen of all time. He was outshone by Talleyrand, the great counselor of Napoleon Bonaparte. But while the former was honest, almost to personal severity, the latter was moved by a certain *finesse* and dexterity. While Richelieu based all his transactions upon the eternal principles of justice, believing as a patriot that it was his privilege as well as his duty to make France his *beau-ideal* of worldly grandeur, Talleyrand having no moral principles and adopting as his motto the famous saying of his, "Language is given to man to conceal his thoughts," advanced to bold, daring, and decided action, with the promptitude and certainty of instinct. Richelieu succeeded in centralizing

the administration, rendering the monarchy absolute authority, and in restoring to France the balance of power in Europe. Talleyrand failed in all things at the last, and learned on his death-bed (May, 1838) how his policy had not conduced to the real and durable prosperity of his country. He had built only for himself, and with him his country fell also.

The great diplomatist of Austria, Prince Metternich (1773-1859), who was the apt pupil of Talleyrand, had more heart and soul, but less instinct and coolness. Yet he succeeded better than his master, and Metternich, too, may be called one of the intellectual giants of his time. None of the diplomatists of the first half of our era excelled, if any—excepting only Talleyrand—equaled, Metternich in the sagacious survey which he took of existing events, and the admirable tact with which he contrived to render them conducive to the interests of his country.

Bismarck far outranks all these *diplomats*. He possesses all their excellences and none of their faults. He is a lover of his country, and his sole ambition is to make Germany all-powerful. He differs from Richelieu in that he does not centralize all power in himself, nor in the throne, but in the people. He has "democratized," if we may be allowed to coin a word to express our idea, the German government, and has given the people greater power than they themselves would have asked for. He has used the king for his own purposes, but these purposes are noble, and go far beyond self; they seek the good of those for whom he labors. He regards himself simply as the *agent* of the people. In 1863 no German Liberal could have believed this true. To-day every German patriot recognizes in Bismarck the patriot-ideal. He differs from Talleyrand in the frankness with which he treats the neighboring nations, and those he has conquered, and made to yield him his just dues. When he has acquired these he rests content, and asks for no more. He only demands to be suffered to maintain that which he has honestly acquired. He differs from Metternich, too, in that he has no pol-

icy for all time, but adapts himself to existing circumstances. He knows no conservatism that would make him halt when the people have a right to his time and to his exertion. He accepts just such a ministry as the times call for, and will insist upon nothing that Germany can not approve as just and honorable.

Bismarck had his counterpart in Italy in Cavour. This great statesman was taken from his country at the very time when it seemed possible to spare him least—June 6, 1861. But he worked so well while he did work that the fruit of his labors shall reach far beyond our own time. He was a man of transcendent talents, of indomitable energy, and of inextinguishable patriotism. He knew no obstacles too high for him to surmount, and perpetually devoted himself to what was great and lofty. He conferred on his country blessings so great and so many as to be still inestimable. Had he lived he would probably have excelled Bismarck; for Cavour was one of the most compassionate of men, and never once knew what it was to think or do wrong. He was one of the best of the earth, and will ever be an example to the world, not only as a great but also as a good man. He died before Italian unity had been effected, but he had brought the consummation so near that it could not fail, and came as surely as if he himself had lived to commemorate the results of all his labors.

England prides herself in the possession of a great diplomatic light which she claims to be the greatest luminary of our era. Of course we refer to Lord Palmerston (1784-1865). He was truly a great man, but he was far from being a statesman; at least, far from being of the highest order. The result of his labors on the Eastern question proves this but too clearly. He induced the great powers in 1840 to a treaty for the purpose of checking the progress of the Turks in the East. In 1852, for the like purpose of preventing any European aggression in the East, he entangled his country in a war with Russia, secured certain concessions at its termination, and yet to-day all these advantages, then gained, are lost to Great Britain

beyond recovery, unless she shall again go to war and come out victorious, which is very doubtful, to say the least. Palmerston knew how to make the Britons adopt his policy, while he lived; but since his death they have learned the folly of not having a mind of their own, and the weakness of not obliging their minister to carry out their wishes instead of his own. The man who now holds his place is as unreliable and unsafe. Disraeli, too, *creates* public opinion; but such a policy is about as much to be depended upon as was the policy of Napoleon "the Little." What France now suffers is due to the course of her last emperor; and what England must come to if she is subject to such leadership as it is now her misfortune to endure is but too plainly taught in the wrecked fortunes of her neighbor across the channel.

The Austrians of to-day pride themselves in their Hungarian premier, Count Andrassy, the man who, in the revolutionary agitations of 1848-49, espoused the popular cause, and was brought near death's door in consequence. When, after the fall of Austrian supremacy in the German empire, Count von Beust, the Saxon counselor, was made the premier of the Hapsburg dynasty (1866), it was hoped that what had been lost might be retrieved. But Beust failed to cope successfully with the German chancellor's superior strength, and the prime minister of the restored Hungarian kingdom was elevated to the premiership of the joint kingdoms (1871). Recent events have made plain the fact that Andrassy is not even an ordinary diplomat. He hangs his policy on that of England one day, and the next day, fearing for the perpetuity of his own power, submissively follows the leadership of Germany. He has no will of his own, nor breadth enough to master the difficult situation in which he is placed. Were Metternich now in control in Vienna there is no telling what Austria might not gain from the present European complications; but if Andrassy preserves what is, he will do much more than he now promises. There is in this man a curious lack of purpose and decision of character. A great statesman requires to possess that

pre-established harmony between thought and action, without which we have Hamlets rather than Cromwells guiding the State. Under such guidance nations drift.

Bismarck's living rival is the hoary chancellor of the Muscovite empire. Both in point of age and duration of office Prince Alexander Gortschakoff excels all other statesmen of Europe. He is seventeen years older than Prince Bismarck and twenty-five years older than Count Andrassy. He was intrusted with the heavy responsibility of steering the politics of one of the great world-empires six years before Bismarck and fifteen years before Andrassy. Gortschakoff is a pupil of Metternich, for he served a long time in the Russian embassy at Vienna in the days of the great Austrian statesman, and more than once indulged in political sparring with his great master, the pupil always coming out of the game first best. Thus during the great crisis of the Crimean war and the subsequent peace negotiations, Gortschakoff labored strenuously at the court of the Hapsburgs, first to detach Austria from the cause of the allies, and even to win her co-operation with Russia, and then to gain terms which would permit his government to conclude an honorable peace on the least disadvantageous terms. He failed to enlist Austria for Russia, but he prevented her intervention and complete estrangement, and these were great points gained when we consider the times in which they were won.

Gortschakoff is one of the most enlightened and patriotic of diplomates. He is devoted to his God and to his country. His noble aspirations are for the honor of Russia. He makes all his declarations with decision and bluntness, and reminds one in this respect of Bismarck's characteristic plainness. This may account for the close personal and official amity and concord which has subsisted between the two great chancellors of Europe since their first meeting at Frankfort in 1851, where they represented their respective governments at the German "Bund." The most intricate European complications of over a quarter of a century have failed to distance the two diplomates. Only very

recently (February), when the German chancellor was hard pressed by his Parliament for a definition of the empire's policy in the face of an approaching strife between England and Russia on account of the Eastern question, Prince Bismarck declared "that Germany, having been connected with Russia for so many years by the ties of sincere and *mutually profitable* alliance, he, for one, would think twice before giving up the friendship of so great and powerful a State without real necessity," and repudiated the advice of the English that in this crisis the Germans should assume the part of European policemen, and announce their resolve to resist Russian usurpation. "You know," he continued to Parliament, "how much Russian political parties are given to declamation, and can easily imagine what they would say against us were we to prevent their reaching the goal they have been pursuing for centuries."

Prince Gortschakoff is the first who has filled, at the Muscovite Court, the office of Minister of Foreign Affairs, in the Western acceptance of the powers and responsibilities of that position. His predecessor, the Count Nesselrode, a man far above the ordinary range of diplomats, was simply the counselor and chief secretary of the Czar, who personally directed the State policy. When Gortschakoff entered upon the responsible task of relieving the Czar of the actual direction of Russia's foreign affairs, a few weeks before the conclusion of the treaty of Paris (1856), he defined his political programme in the now celebrated words, "*La Russie se recueille*" (Russia collects herself). The chancellor was versed in the history of his country and profited by the experiences of its illustrious founder, Peter the Great. This wise ruler, it will be remembered, after his severe reverses in the war with Charles XII, of Sweden, in 1700, repaired the humiliation of Narva by giving himself wholly over to the internal development of his empire, and rested his case until he could insure a successful conflict. The subsequent overthrow of the Swedish king at Pultowa (1709), the counterpart of our modern Sedan, paid Russia for all her waiting.

Alexander II came to the throne March 2, 1855, sad and disheartened. Russia was crippled and exhausted by the terrible disasters of the Crimean War. Her prestige and influence in Europe was effete. She was smarting under humiliating and hampering restrictions by the treaty of Paris. Gortschakoff aimed with singular steadiness of purpose to carry his programme as above referred to, and to accomplish the work in which his country had failed during the Crimean War. The chief features of this policy were the greatest possible reserve in all international complications and the introduction of such reforms as would tend toward developing the immense resources of the empire. Thus Russia is indebted to him for the long peace she has enjoyed under his administration. She is also indebted to him for reforms like the abolition of serfdom, two thorough reorganizations of the army, and the construction of an extensive railroad net. The abolition of serfdom in particular was not merely a philanthropic measure. It was still more intended, by the sagacious statesman, as a means of strengthening the military power of the empire, by preparing a universal liability to military service.

During the war between Austria and France allied with Italy, in 1859, Russia observed a complete neutrality. She had no sympathy with either of the belligerent powers. The latter had been, during the Crimean War, her open enemy, the former had "surprised her by ingratitude." A few years later Gortschakoff finally had an opportunity to give a conspicuous proof of his statesmanship, and he failed not to improve it. Some of the European powers showed a disposition to meddle with the Polish question. Austria, France, and England, addressed identical notes to Russia. Firmly and energetically the man who had prepared for the final issue, met these encounters, and Gortschakoff's diplomacy, crystallized as it was by frankness, won the victory. France and England were simply made to feel that it was their duty to mind their own business, and not call out complications that might result in the solution of the Eastern ques-

tion, such as they would not care to see precipitated. But Austria had even to bear with the blunt remark that it would do better to check the dangerous tendencies in its Polish provinces by measures appropriate both for its own interests and for its international relations. This defiant attitude toward Austria was maintained for several years, and Gortschakoff, on one occasion, gave vent to his anti-Austrian feelings by the contemptuous remark, "Austria is not a State, it is only a government."

During the war between Austria and Prussia, and the Franco-German War, Russia was the faithful friend of Prussia, and did all in her power outside of direct alliance in the field. By this service Russia gained not only much for Germany, but obtained herself valuable advantages. Thus, only four days after the capitulation of Metz, Gortschakoff wrote the celebrated circular dispatch concerning the Pontus question, in which he informed the surprised statesmen of Europe that Russia could no longer abide by that article of the Paris treaty which excluded her flag from the Black Sea. The Cabinets of Vienna and London were very reluctant to consent to this unauthorized and one-sided repeal of an article of an international treaty; but France being powerless, and Germany on the side of Russia, they saw that further opposition

on their part would be resultless, and yielded to Gortschakoff's demand.

And it was well they did. The Russian chancellor meant to carry his point, even if it took bayonets and powder. He had seen his country extinguished like a light. He declared that with his accession the national flame was rekindled, and he would suffer no one to put it out. He has not only kept good his word, but he has brought order out of chaos, and success out of failure. By skillful management he has recuperated Russia's strength by the mere force of her own immense vitality, and has regained for her not only her former place in the European councils, but has secured to her a prestige like that which Germany only has enjoyed in recent years. He has thrown off the trammels of the treaty of Paris. France, England, and Turkey have been deprived of all they had gained by their costly victories. The allies of Turkey have been overcome by superior diplomacy, and Turkey herself has been driven into worse straits than any which have beset her in the most dangerous epochs of her former history. Gortschakoff risked in the closing years of a long diplomatic career, his boldest step, and has elicited, by the skill with which it has been taken and carried through, the admiration of the world, and stands to-day crowned the second greatest statesman of our times.

FRIENDSHIP AND FLATTERY.

WHEN Friendship first came down to earth
 With heart of generous mold,
 And soul of truth and heavenly worth,
 'T was in the age of gold.
 She taught the love that came from God
 For all humanity:
 Sweet Pity in her footsteps trod,
 With Faith and Charity.
 But Flattery, as the world grew old,
 Stole Friendship's honest face:
 When Truth's stern accents grew less bold,
 And Falsehood taught grimace.

Th' indignant martyr did not wreak
 Her vengeance upon men,
 Nor soar on reffluent wing, to seek
 Her home in heaven again.
 She left her rival to reign o'er
 The sunny paths of life,
 And loved the dark ones to explore
 With sad misfortune rife.
 Both to their own their aid extend,
 Each in her way a mother;
 Success still finds the one a friend,
 Adversity the other.

POST-CHRISTIAN JUDAISM.

III.

MODERN JEWISH RITUAL.

UPON entering a Jewish Synagogue at the opening of service, the only peculiarities which strike the eye are the candle-sticks (or gas-lights if it be in the city), with their seven flaming lights, in the daytime as well as in the night, and the Ark or sacred place behind the pulpit, in which is contained one or more copies of the five books of Moses. This is the Torah, or "the Law," written after the old manner upon parchment, and rolled in fashion of the scrolls of Bible times. It is kept in a linen case, beautifully embroidered with silver and gold throughout, and is almost an object of worship, certainly an object of the highest veneration.

The pulpit or platform of the synagogue is occupied by four persons—the rabbi who is to preach, the reader who is to lead that portion of the services, and on either hand of these two celebrants are seated the president and the vice-president of the synagogue, officers chosen by the congregation from time to time, who have charge of all the matters pertaining to the public worship.

If it be a congregation of Reformed Jews there is an organ and a choir. Among the interesting features of a service attended by the writer was an exquisite rendering of the old Hebrew chants, by a lady who was a well-known Roman Catholic. These choirs and organs, however, are innovations in the modes of Jewish worship, and are not seen, as yet, in the synagogues of the orthodox Jews.

The hour of service having arrived, and the congregation which is almost certain to crowd the place of worship being assembled, the reader commences as follows, the congregation rising:

"How beautiful are thy tents, O Jacob! thy dwelling places, O Israel. From thy abundant goodness and mercy have we entered thy house; therefore, we will reverently worship thee in thy holy sanctuary.

O Lord, I love thy abiding place, even the spot where thy glory dwelleth. Here will I worship, bend the knee, and lowly bow before the Lord my maker."

To which the choir and congregation respond:

"Here we will worship, bend our knees, and lowly bow before the Lord our maker."

The introductory prayer is varied slightly on the special festivals. That for the Passover is as follows:

"Thou didst redeem our ancestors from slavery and oppression, and vouchsafed unto them liberty and happiness. Thou hast chosen thy people, Israel, as the standard-bearers of the truth; and in order to spread this truth, thou hast seen fit to scatter us over the face of the earth; but, O Lord, even there has thy mercy never forsaken us, for as thou establishedst the deliverance of our fathers from Egypt, so hast thou been our protector in all ages. Praise the Lord, for he is good, and to eternity his kindness endureth. Amen."

The festival of Shabnoth or Pentecost, called, also, the Feast of Weeks, the Jews now celebrate, in honor of the giving of the Decalogue to Moses on Mount Sinai, on which occasions prayers of thanksgiving are offered to the Lord for the possession of the Torah, or the law.

After the introductory prayer, one of the ancient Hebrew hymns issuing. Some of these are versions of the Psalms of David which are familiar to Christian ears, others are songs of Zion which have been in use only among the children of Israel.

The reader then repeats the Confession of Faith, the whole congregation standing. It is as follows:

"Hear, O Israel, the Lord is our God. The Lord is one."

This short creed, which is a version of Deuteronomy vi, 4, is the single pillar on which rests the whole Jewish Church.

"The Jew may believe in any thing or every thing else in the way of theology, or tradition, or superstition; but so long as he holds to this one tenet of faith, no man may call him a heretic," says Rabbi Felsenthal. Why, then, may not a man believe in Jesus Christ? "That would be denying the unity of God," replies the rabbi. "You orthodox Christians believe that Jesus is a God; the Unitarians only call him a man. They are Israelites in respect to their faith, and might be one with us, if they only had the courage to confess it." Over and above all things, then, the Jews are Unitarians.

It is the duty of every adult Jew, to recite this Confession of Faith at least twice every day in the original Hebrew, and to see, if he be the head of a family, that twice in every day, usually at the table, the whole family recite it. Then follow chants and responsive readings, selected from the Psalms.

In the orthodox synagogues these are always rendered in the Hebrew tongue, but in the synagogues of the Reformed Jews, they are in the vernacular. The Hallel, which is that portion of the psalms of David especially devoted to praise, is next read; then follows the ceremony of opening the ark and taking out the Torah. This ceremony is quite impressive. Special chants are sung or recited by the choir or congregation, preparatory to this solemn act, such as "Arise, O Lord, let thy enemies be scattered, and thy haters flee before thee. For from Zion comes forth the law and the Word of the Lord from Jerusalem."

The rabbi then stands before the ark, which is still closed, and recites a prayer of thanksgiving for the law, and for special blessings upon the reading thereof. The Torah is then taken out, and special benedictions are pronounced before the reading of it begins.

There is also the curious practice of elevating the Torah, which is quite suggestive of the Roman Catholic elevation of the Host, and may have been the idea from which the latter practice was borrowed. The reader, after unfolding the parchment scroll, elevates it before the people, and says, "This is the Torah which Moses set before the children

of Israel by the command of the Lord." To which the choir and congregation respond: "Blessed be he who in his holiness hath given the Torah to his people Israel."

After the Torah comes the Haftarah, which is the name given to the prophetic portions of the Jewish Scripture, chapters from which are read according to the scheme of the lessons for the day, preceded and followed by benedictions and prayers similar to those used before and after the reading of the Torah.

The Jewish ritual contains services for the mother visiting the synagogue after her confinement, from which doubtless the Episcopal service called the "Churching of Women," was derived. The prayer of thanksgiving on behalf of the mother, and for a blessing upon the infant, and for grace to train it up for God, is read by the reader at the request of the mother.

Newly married people have their special part in the synagogue service. There are also special prayers for the sick, and several orders for prayers for the dead: First, those which are offered on the Sabbath succeeding the death; second, those which are offered as regular portions of the Sabbath ritual; and, third, those which are read on the anniversary of deaths. The following passages occur in these prayers:

"O Father of compassion, grant heavenly peace and blessing to the soul that hath entered to his [or her] eternal home, and strengthen the mourners that they may bear thy dispensations in faith and devotion. O Lord and Father, we this day remember our departed brother [or sister]. We beseech thee, cause him [or her] to enjoy the happiness which thou hast reserved for those who trust in thee, in thy eternal kingdom."

These prayers are read and said while the sacred scrolls remain in sight of the congregation, and the ark remains open. After which the congregation rises, and the reader taking the Torah and rolling it up reverently, replaces it in the ark, chanting prayers to which the choir and congregation respond, after which the ark is closed, and the congregation take their seats. Then follows the sermon by the rabbi, and such other service as each con-

gregation may appoint; for it is competent for each synagogue to have its own ritual, though the chief features, above mentioned, are never to be omitted.

The family of Aaron alone of all the children of Israel have perserved, or claim to have preserved, their genealogy; no others of the Jews even knowing the tribe to which they belong. The Aaronites, as they are called, have very jealously preserved their record of descent from God's first High-priest, and, although they are not in any wise a priestly family, to them belongs the peculiar privilege of pronouncing what is called the Aaronic benediction in the synagogue services. There may be some of them in the congregation, one of whom comes forward at the appropriate time, and recites the benediction:

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee!
The Lord make his face to shine upon thee.
The Lord lift up his kindness upon thee,
and give thee peace."

SERVICE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

The Jewish year begins on the day of the new moon in the month of September. It has a synagogue service opening at the ninetyeth psalm, which in Christian ritual is so generally used as a part of the burial service. "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations," followed by a service in all respects similar to the service for the Sabbath.

THE SERVICE FOR THE DAY OF ATONEMENT.

Ten days after New Year is peculiarly solemn. The orthodox Jews have a tradition that Jehovah keeps a record of each individual life, and year by year opens the book thereof for revision. This opening occurs on the Day of Atonement, that is to say from the evening of the tenth to the evening of the eleventh day of the New Year. During this time God is graciously pleased to remit any account against any of his people Israel, on condition of their repentance and prayers for pardon.

At sundown on the Day of Atonement, the Jewish synagogues are thronged with worshipers, some of whom come in their shrouds, which many devout Jews keep by them as much as they do a Sunday coat. Those who

are most devotionally inclined, stand without their shoes, in memory of the command of Jehovah to Moses, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

The ritual for the Day of Atonement is sufficiently long for a continuous service of twenty-four hours, throughout the whole of which many of these sons and daughters of Israel fast and pray, neither eating nor drinking, during the whole period, and, sometimes working themselves up into such ecstasies of sorrow and penitence, that they fall fainting upon the floor, and are carried out by their friends; only to return again so soon as the fresh air has revived them, to resume their solemn confessions, chants, and prayers.

These chants are in the minor key, and being led by the reader, and responded to by the congregation with evident earnestness and intensity of feeling, the effect produced is indescribably mournful. These chants and prayers have in them the tears and sorrows of all the centuries of suffering and wandering which this nation of strangers have experienced, and there is nothing in the way of a religious service known to Christians which is so utterly heart-breaking as these prayers on the Day of Atonement, unless it be the keena or wail of the Irish Catholics over the graves of their dead.

This long, sad service will tire out from four to eight readers, each one exhausting himself in his efforts, not only of voice but of motion, bowing his head and bending his knees, and reaching out and clasping his hands with the utmost appearance of intense religious agony, while the congregation respond to his words and movements by smiting upon their breasts and reciting over and over again in substance the prayer of the Publican, "God, be merciful to me a sinner."

The following responsive verses, from a part of the service for the Day of Atonement, will serve to show the spirit of the whole:

READER.

Heart, in pleasure's rest,
Soul, with sins oppressed,
Wake, the Lord proceeds
Judging thoughts and deeds.

But the flames of grace
Light his judgment place,
And his herald calls,
Sinners, hope for pardon.

CHOIR AND CONGREGATION.

Yea, his herald calls,
Sinners, hope for pardon.

READER.

Woe, thou worm in dust,
Prey to wonted lust,
Woe, if he surveys
Strictly all thy ways.

But on his bright path
Love precedes his wrath,
And from heaven down
Beams the light of pardon.

CHOIR AND CONGREGATION.

Yea, from heaven down
Beams the light of pardon.

READER.

Feeble earth-born son,
At the heaven's throne
He'll on thee return
As thy deeds may earn.

But pray at his gate,
He's compassionate,
And so thou repent,
He bestows his pardon.

CHOIR AND CONGREGATION.

Yea, so thou repent,
He bestows his pardon.

READER.

Israel now appears
Contrite and in tears;
Yet they trust, they know,
Mercy wilt thou show.

As the law reveals,
Every bosom feels,
Every voice exclaims,
Lord, thine is the pardon.

CHOIR AND CONGREGATION.

Yea, we loud exclaim
Lord, thine is the pardon.

On this day of atonement the solemnities are also increased by special services in memory of the dead, in which their graces are rehearsed and a blessing craved upon their memory and their example. The Jews have no lack of martyrs. They number

them by millions. In all Christian ages, almost down to our own time, the people who were once the people of God, but who refuse to be called the people of his Son, have attested their fidelity with their lives; and, if it be true of the Christian martyrs that their blood is seed of the Church, it is also true that the rivers of Jewish blood which have been poured out in the fanatical persecutions of this strange people are still their special glory, and it is in no small measure to the memory of their martyrs that this singular people owes its unity.

There are also prayers set down in the ritual for a deceased mother and father, wife, husband, children, or other deceased relatives and friends; and these are said or sung on these solemn days at the special request of those who have a use for them.

This service also is means of profit to the synagogue; for on the day of atonement the relatives of the deceased whose memory is being celebrated, will sometimes send an offering in money to the rabbi, who being thus moved recites the following prayer:

In grief and sorrow, but in humble submission to thy inscrutable will, our brother [or sister, calling the name of the person making the offering] remembers the name of his [or her] father, mother, husband, wife or child, as the case may be, in whose honor he [or she] offers on behalf of this house this purse [the sum being here mentioned]. O Lord, accept with favor this offering, and let it grow blessings unto the giver. Amen.

In the synagogue services there are special posts of honor such as reading the first verses from the Torah when it is taken out of the ark; reading of the second verses; reading of particularly solemn prayers, which are read with the ark open, the ordinary prayers being read with the ark closed. On occasions of the dedications of synagogues these honors are quite numerous and are sources of considerable revenue. Great stress is laid upon these privileges. Among others it is a tradition that the childless wife who lights the first lamp in a new synagogue may certainly look to be blessed with offspring, therefore this privilege is sold at auction, and sometimes brings a consider-

able sum. The other special honors are also auctioned off, thus mingling curiously the idea of traffic and devotion.

As the great Day of Atonement draws to a close, the more careless ones who have neglected their devotions crowd the synagogues. When the sun goes down, according to the tradition, God closes the book of their lives, and seals up the record for the final judgment, and there is then no further hope for pardon for the sins of that year; but whatever remains against them unforgiven they must answer at the Eternal Throne. From this idea come the salutations with which the Jews greet one another as they go home to break their fast after this long solemn service:

"I hope your sins are all erased. I hope you have been sealed up well."

The Jewish civil year begins on the first of Tishri, the day of the new moon in September, and counting from the time of creation, this, with them is the year 5638. The chief feature of this day is the sounding of the shofar, or trumpet of rams' horn, which is used in memory of the ancient usage of these rough-voiced instruments which bore so prominent a part in the sacred processions, and at whose sound the walls of Jericho fell down.

On the 15th of Tishri is still celebrated the Feast of Booths or Tabernacles; the orthodox Jews, still building in their gardens or even upon the roofs of their houses booths of boughs, after the fashion of the ancient Feast of Tabernacles. In the house of worship the people appear on this Sabbath with a wreath of palm-branches, which in this country are imported for that special purpose, and also with the fruits of the earth, thus making it a kind of thanksgiving festival (see Leviticus, xxiii). On the 22d of Tishri is the Feast of Conclusion, which is the winding up of all the Fall festivals.

On the 15th of Nisan, being the full moon after the Spring equinox, the Passover is celebrated. The rite of slaying the lamb and sprinkling his blood upon the door-posts is still sometimes observed, but that and, indeed, the whole system of Jewish sacrifices is being done away. Prayer is taking

the place of sacrificial offerings, except as to the rite of circumcision, which is, among the Jews, regarded as a kind of sacrifice.

The feast of unleavened bread of the Passover is still observed, all other bread being disused. On the evening of that day a feast is held in each household, at which psalms are sung, giving thanks to God for leading their fathers out of the bondage of Egypt, and for guiding their descendants through the various dangers and hardships that have made up the principal portion of their history.

Pious Israelites usually have their shrouds made early in life to remind them of the day of their death, and at this feast the master of the house appears at the head of the table dressed in that grave garment, as also is his custom on occasions of special solemnity in the synagogue. At this feast the largest hospitality prevails, and any stranger who is of the seed of Abraham may enter any house and sit down at any table. But there is one chair sacredly reserved, one plate on the table reversed; and if you ask the master of the feast what it means he will tell you, "That chair and that plate are for the Messiah if he should chance to come to the feast."

Thus do the orthodox Jews remind themselves of the hope of Israel, while the reformed Jews are casting it away. The Passover festival lasts from the 15th to the 22d of Nisan, though the first and last days of this week only are full festivals, the other days being reckoned as half festivals.

Seven weeks after the Passover on the 6th day of Sivan, comes the Feast of Weeks, or Pentecost, which in Bible times and countries was the feast over the harvest, but which, in this climate, could not have such a significance, and, therefore, the idea has been changed, so that now the thing commemorated is not God's gift of the fruits of the earth, but his greater gift in the revelation of the Ten Commandments to his people.

The Jews send out no missionaries. That zeal of which the Savior speaks in the Gospel, "Ye compass heaven and earth to make one proselyte, and when ye have made him,

he is twofold more the child of hell than yourselves," has given place to an intense conservatism among the orthodox Jews regarding the birthright of Israel, which it is not thought desirable any should be able to share who are not bone of their bones and flesh of their flesh; but among the reformed Jews proselytism is allowed.

Some time ago a Christian lady in one of our Western cities, who was betrothed to a Jewish banker, made profession of her faith as a daughter of Israel. This act, according to the reformers, may be performed either in the presence of the congregation, at the synagogue, or in the presence of any three Jews, one of whom is a rabbi. It is a simple ceremony enough, comprising first, an examination of the candidate in matters of the Jewish sacred books and history, which any well instructed Christian ought to be able to pass without difficulty; then searching questions are asked, such as "Do you with all your heart accept the faith of Israel?" "Have you any worldly or selfish motives in desiring to become a member of the congregation of Israel?" "Do you solemnly vow yourself to Jehovah and to his people forever?" These questions being satisfactorily answered, the candidate is sent in the presence of chosen witnesses to perform a bath, or baptism of the whole body, in which, it may be presumed, all the elements of Gentilism are washed away; the new member of the congregation of Israel is then to all intents and purposes a good and acceptable Jew.

This bath, or baptism, seems to carry with it something of the same idea as that burying in baptism which is the theory of the Church of the forerunner of Christ. A similar practice also prevails among certain North American Indians, who, when they admit or adopt a person into their tribe, after dancing around him, placing him inside a circle of fire, and other impressive rites, give him over to the care of certain vigorous bathers, who take him to a stream and "wash all the white blood out of him."

As there are no missionaries among the Jews, there are of course no missionary collections, and, indeed, no general connectional

interests of any sort. There is a local association of Jewish congregations in the West, for the purpose of maintaining a Jewish school at Cincinnati, of which the learned rabbi, Dr. Wise, is the President. But this is a purely voluntary matter, and besides this there is no benevolence at all expected outside the limits of one's own congregation. If there are poor or needy Jews in any community, money is privately collected for them; but the Jews do not organize general charities for members of their nation, neither do they in any considerable numbers apply to Christian organizations for relief, this always being forth-coming from their own people whenever the necessity for it shall arise.

Whatever may be said of the religion of the Jews their morality is certainly most remarkable. "It is difficult for Jews," says Rabbi Felsenthal, "to understand your temperance movement. We have no drunkards among us; we use wine and beer just as we use any other food or drink."

"But how do you prevent such abuses?"

"Well, that is something which we teach to our children from their infancy. The Jewish family life is the great safeguard. All the relations of the family are sacred; the children obey the parents as a part of their religion; and the parents always teach the children to obey the Law of God, which is as strong against drunkenness as against any other sin."

And that this training is really efficient appears from the records of our jails, prisons, police courts, etc., which show a very small proportion of Jewish names.

The family discipline which is so admirable and so permanent in its influence is supplemented by the influence of the congregation. When a Jewish lad arrives at the age of thirteen, the celebration called the Bar-mitzvah is held. On the next Sabbath after his thirteenth birthday the lad stands up in the synagogue, while some portion of the Torah is read, or perhaps he goes himself to the reader's place and reads from the Torah or the Hallacah the lesson for the day; thus publicly appearing before the Lord and the people in token of the fact that he is of full

age, and thenceforth is a responsible member of the congregation.

The care which the Israelites universally take to instruct their children in the simple doctrines of the Old Testament religion is almost a sure guarantee that the boy, when he comes to his bar-mitzvah, is at least as well instructed as his parents in the matters of the Jewish faith. Sometimes, and this is a recent custom, the bar-mitzvah is performed on Pentecost, when all the boys and girls, who during the year have passed their thirteenth birthday, are publicly examined in faith and doctrine, and offer their vows before the congregation to be faithful to the faith and duties of the children of Israel.

At the time of the American Revolution there were only seven Jewish congregations in this country—in New York; Philadelphia; Richmond; Charleston, South Caro-

lina; New Orleans; Newport, Rhode Island; and Savannah, Georgia. These were all Portuguese Jews, whose descendants still maintain the synagogues then established, except the one at Newport; and all of them are orthodox, and still use the Hebrew language in the synagogue services.

The congregations of Reformed Jews, which are now becoming somewhat numerous, are mostly of German nationality, and their services, with the exception of the solemn reading of the Torah, or Hallacah, when it is taken out of the ark, and a few of the most sacred prayers and hymns, is in the German language.

Hitherto all the rabbis in charge of Hebrew congregations have been foreigners, both by birth and education. There is not in America to-day a Jewish congregation presided over by a rabbi who is native born.

A WOODLAND IDYL.

'NEATH flickering shadows of this ancient wood,
Far from the busy haunts of men,
Near nature's heart, we, in this solitude,
Hear rustling leaves repeat "Amen!"
As through them sweeps the unseen wind-harps' strain,
A dirge for woodland beauties time hath slain.

The dews weep with us at the passing dirge;
We mourn for glories gone away,
For buds and violets, time's cruel surge
Effaced, with many a happy day,
When other lovers smiled and whispered here,
Before the trees were yellow-leaved and sere.

Ah! sweet love, now the forest is serene.
'Mid wandering shadows let us dream
This is God's temple, and the veil between
Two worlds may in this sunlight gleam,
While in these rustling leaves we hear again
The glad refrain of Nature's blest "Amen!"

AMONG THE THORNS.

CHAPTER VIII.

RICHARD lifted the paper from the floor, and glanced at it with an exclamation of astonishment, and Marah watched him with a look of mingled surprise and apprehension upon her face.

"And did you know this was here?" he said, with all his suspicions aroused at the sight.

"I do not know what it is," she answered.

"It is my brother Robert's will."

She turned paler; but at once replied, her eyes looking straight into his with the same fearless truthfulness of expression,

"I do not know any thing about it."

"Did you know he had made a will?"

"No, I know nothing about it," she repeated. But a great terror was at work at her heart, dilating her eyes and whitening her lips. A will? what was that? a strange, mysterious something, made to take her child from her? Louder and louder her heart beat until she could hardly restrain herself from snatching the paper from Richard's hand. Meantime he was reading—reading with face hardly less pale, and eyes hardly less troubled in their light than hers.

The will had been executed away back in the second year of his marriage, before the child was born, and it bequeathed to Richard Thorn his entire estate, in trust for any child or children who might be living at the time of Robert's death. In case he died without heirs, the property reverted to Richard himself. No mention was made of Lucia, a fact to be accounted for only by the date, which was later than the time when Robert must have known there was no probability of her surviving him.

Richard was sole executor.

There were two codicils bearing a later date than the will, one bequeathing to his child "the jewels of the Rubetta family which had descended from her mother to Lucia," together with a separate sum of money, represented by certain securities of the value of the dowry Lucia had also received from

her father. These were to pass into Ruby's possession on her father's death, unless he should die in her childhood, in which case they were to be guarded until she reached the age to derive pleasure and profit from their possession. They were mentioned as "deposited in the safe."

When Richard reached this point his keen searching eyes scanned Marah's frightened face with a glance of indignant suspicion.

"What is it?" she asked, fearing she knew not what.

He resolved to know if she were deceiving him, and asked without any preliminary words:

"Marah, where is my brother's safe?"

"I do not know. I did not know he had one."

"He speaks of one here, and says it contains,"—he paused to note the effect of his words, but her terror had evidently changed to real surprise and expectation—"he says it contains family jewels, once belonging to Lucia, and a sum of money for Rubetta."

She only held her breath, and was silent. As he did not take his eyes from her, she gasped:

"I do not understand! I do not know any thing about it."

But who should know if she did not? And if she did know, what object could she have in hiding what was Ruby's?

The man was excited and annoyed. Notwithstanding she had aided him to his new discovery, he felt suddenly as if it were she who was embarrassing his further progress. He could not help disliking her for being in the world at all; and if he had looked deep enough into his own heart he would have found there was yet one other person in the world who, in this time of vexation, he heartily wished had never come. It was most unreasonable, yet his new-born repugnance was as strong as if he had really found in Marah a barrier to his own desires. So far she had been only helpful, yet he could

not help believing she knew of the missing jewels and the missing "safe."

Full of irritation, he glanced at the second codicil, and read it to himself. It provided that "the bonds, above mentioned, be given to the free woman, Marah, whose tender care in illness saved the life of my child, on the presentation of her free papers to the executor."

At hardly any other hour of his life would Richard Thorn have been capable of the deliberate cruelty of telling her what he had found; and now he spoke more in hope of frightening her into a revelation than from any settled purpose to deprive her of his brother's gift. He laid his hand on the parcel and remarked, looking her sternly in the face:

"These are yours, Marah; but according to my brother's will they can not be delivered to you until the presentation of your free papers to the executor. I am the executor, and can not, of course, act under the will until after a compliance with some legal formalities. But you can show me your papers at any time."

"What! are they not mine?" she asked falteringly. "He gave them to me."

"No; he told you he intended giving them to you; and he has done it on these conditions."

She had moved a step forward when he touched them; now she shrank back, and her face took again the frightened look of one who has suddenly become conscious of danger.

"You would not keep them from me? They are all I have."

"They are not mine. I have no right to yield them except on condition."

"But Mr. Thorn made me free!"

"I do not doubt it. You have only to let me see your papers."

"I can not show them."

"Then I must act on the supposition that you never had them; that my brother changed his mind."

"That is not true," she answered indignantly. "I can not show the papers, but I can appeal to Ruby. She will never let me be her slave."

He drew nearer, and said in a half-whisper, but with apparent determination in one way or another to find out what she knew:

"Marah, do you think *I* want to keep this money?"

"No; why should you?" And then, as if her truthfulness and repugnance had for the moment overcome her prudence, she looked him full in the face and answered: "Yes, yes; you may not take it; but I think you would if you dared!"

It was open warfare now, but he had control, and so he had the advantage. He smiled half-sneeringly and said:

"Why, according to this will, if you do not have the money it goes to Ruby."

"To Ruby? to my precious child? Then I am content," and she gave a long sigh of relief.

"No, no, Marah, I am not so poor as to need your little portion; and though I should have no right to give it you from my brother's estate except on compliance with his conditions, I would even give it you out of my own, and on only one condition."

"I do not understand you," she gasped.

"Tell me where is the safe, and where are the jewels and the dower of my brother's wife?"

"I can not; I do not know; I never knew. Do you think I would hide from my child—from my very own child? Do you not think I would search the world over to find any treasure for her? What should I want of any thing but to give it to her? O Mr. Thorn, you were so kind! Why are you so cruel now?"

But he interrupted her again. He thought he saw through her scheme. She had unguardedly revealed that she did *not* trust him. He believed that she had concealed the treasure, not for herself, but that she might have it in her power to guard the child; and he felt justified in leaving no means untried to make her avow her act.

"Marah," he said sternly, "listen; I heard you on that night when you talked with my brother there," nodding towards Robert's empty room. "I saw you when you destroyed the papers."

She started, a shiver ran through her

frame, and she buried her face in her hands.

"I heard you promise never again to claim his child as yours. It was on these conditions he provided for you. And you broke your promise in less than twenty-four hours. Almost before dawn you had claimed her again, and told *me* his story was not true. Yet you expect his part of the contract to be fulfilled?"

"No, no; it was no contract," she moaned between her folded hands. "Lucia bade him provide for me. He did it for Lucia. I do not care about it at all now that it is to be for Rubetta. I would rather she had it. Indeed, we need not talk more about it, Mr. Thorn."

"And you will not tell me, then?"

"No; I have nothing to tell."

"Then remember this," he hissed angrily in her ear, "I understand you. You have had it all your own way in my brother's home, but you will take into my home neither your suspicion nor your secrets!"

It was his last blow. Under it her head drooped lower and lower, and her hands dropped helplessly by her side. She leaned against the door-way for support a moment, and then recovering a little, said, low and solemnly, with a white face lifted to his:

"Mr. Thorn, I saved your life, and you promised I should not be separated from my child."

He hesitated, and in his breast there went on one of the sudden, sharp conflicts in which memory and gratitude and honor, on the one hand, and a diabolical temptation on the other, made a battle-ground of his soul.

True, she had saved him from a horrible death. She had prolonged his brother's days by her care, and had saved the life of his brother's child. True, he had given his word. All that was best in him rallied to war with the brood of evil thoughts, that, full-fledged seemed to have sprung to life within his heart.

The struggle was soon over. Love and gratitude went down before the assaults of selfishness, and pride and honor were in the dust before he spoke again.

She repeated, moaningly, her little plea,

as if she were telling it to another, and not to him:

"You *promised* you would not separate me from my child?" and he answered after this conflict:

"Yes; and I will keep my word."

She gave a joyful cry, and would have grasped his hand.

"Then, I shall go North with you?"

"No!"

"What? I do not understand."

"You shall *not* go North. You shall keep your child with you."

"Where? Here?"

"Anywhere!" he answered, coldly, "It does not matter where."

She looked dazed and bewildered.

"How can it be?" she gasped.

"Easily. She is your child you say?"

"Yes, yes;" clasping her hands fervently.

"Very well. I will believe it. Since my brother loved and petted her, I will make a provision that will give her a life of comfort. You can have your child. But, remember, no child of yours can be Rubetta Thorn!"

"Good Heavens!" she gasped. "What is it? what can it mean?" and she passed her hands across her face as if trying to brush away some horrible vision. "Not Rubetta Thorn?"

"It means just that, Marah. We might as well understand each other. If she is my brother's daughter I shall take her with me. She is his heiress also. If she is your daughter she is then no heiress; but, well, Marah, you know the child of a slave—is a slave!"

The words were on his lips but he did not utter them. The hissing sound of the first letter was stopped by a hand laid upon his mouth, not roughly, but solemnly as a mother might touch the lips of an angry child.

"Stop! Hush! Do not speak it. Not for all the joy her father has gone to meet in God's great heaven; not for a sight of the face of the angel Lucia; not for a rest in the bosom of the mother of sorrows, would I let you speak that word! *My Ruby!* my baby! my—no, I will not say it. I will never say it again till I am dying. They will let me

say it again, in heaven!" and she sank sobbing by the window at his feet.

He gazed at her in wonder at the paroxysm, and turned away. He was not certain he had meant it. Surely she was mad now, muttering there to herself, in the moonlight by the window, if she never had been mad before.

The storm he had aroused was no such storm as he was accustomed to see in Clara, a storm to be smiled at or let alone. This demon was of a kind he knew not how to cast out, and he wished heartily that he had not aroused it. He had not really meant to cast Ruby off, to take the estate for himself. He only felt this *could* be done, and tried the effect of the suggestion upon the suffering woman.

She hushed her sobs after a little, and sat like one in a stupor, with her face turned toward the cypress grove. There, in the newly made grave, lay the only protector for this crazed, wretched woman and a helpless girl against the man whose treachery might ruin both.

Only the recollection, that he had not quite meant it, saved him from the consciousness of being an utter scoundrel. And the half-formed purpose to bridge it over in some way on the morrow did not save him from the consciousness that he was a coward.

He had gained nothing in the struggle and lost her faith in him; and yet—and yet—if what he had suggested was true, how much he might be spared, in care, in home conflict, and in the harassments and complications of the business. Burdened, irritated, disgusted; in that reckless and bitter mood, in which men sometimes throw their lives away, he gave one glance at Marah, crouching there in mute despair by the window, and went away from the room.

And she, poor, blinded, dazed, suffering soul, realizing all her misery, and for the moment realizing nothing else, sat and moaned and talked and sobbed, until she could be still, and then staggered through the darkness, away to her room, to creep to Ruby's bed and to hold the sleeping girl close to her heart, now broken anew in the loss of her darling child.

There was but one day more, and in it Marah was careful not to meet the eye of Richard Thorn. He was away for the most part, riding that black horse hither and thither, over the country, into the town and out again to the villa. Ruby stayed much by Robert's grave, and Hugh was never very far away from her side. If possible he wanted to keep off a time of bitter grieving, therefore, he devised various little wants by which he made her feel he needed her help.

Toward night, Richard intrusted Hugh with a parcel, which he bade him to deliver to Marah's hands, and, at the same time, he gave to Hugh the little key to the cabinet. The package contained the bonds, but there accompanied it no word of permission to go or of command to stay behind.

All too fast the last day sped, for the many final preparations. Long after Ruby was in bed Marah was moving softly about, seeing that every little thing was ready for the child. When, finally, the poor girl, who had sat until very late in the starlight in her father's chair, had cried herself to sleep, Marah turned the light so that she could see her face, and took her seat beside the bed. Ah! what nights she had sat and watched her in all her babyhood and all her childish illness, crooning her to sleep with one of the soft minor lullabys so dear to the hearts of her race.

She had her eyes opened the night before. A life-time might roll on now, and she be forever near the girl, no one would ever hear her claim her again. The danger to Ruby's happiness and to her interests was plain now. The awful terror of the possible fate of her child was a still living horror that swept over her again and again, and made her faint and sick with every returning wave of recollection. Yet her love led her out of the troubled labyrinth of her fears by the only sure way of escape. That way might kill her, it might make her as they called her, really mad; but in either case she would forget, and in either case would have saved her child.

All night long she watched her sleeping, and kissed her when she moaned and turned in unrest. In the early dawn, she brushed

and braided the wavy hair, and Ruby, in the midst of her trouble, yet had the kindness to pet her hands as of old, and to say:

"Ah, Marah, you are all I have left, and I could not live without you, now."

"Oh, yes, you could, pet. If any thing should separate us you know I should surely find you again; for, precious, I have no life but in you."

"Do not fear, mamma Marah," said Ruby, tenderly; "I shall never let you go."

"I know it; but if I am ever forced to go, do not be troubled. I should find you again if I traveled the whole world through."

And Ruby kissed and clung to her, and they cried together—Ruby for what she had left in the grave in the cypress grove, and Marah for the open grave in her heart where she was so soon to hide her child.

She had resisted the temptation to tell Ruby all, and to take her and go away from these people, who were, "after all, not like Robert Thorn;" but she knew what life would then mean to the girl, and the mother in her was very strong. She could give her up, but she could not tell her that which would blight her whole young life. Ah, her love was a thing so mighty that neither brother need have feared to trust it. She could die, but she could not harm the child.

Early in the morning the carriages rolled away down the river road, through the forest of pines, in sight of the "Sunset Ridge," past the plantations, along the same route by which Richard and his father came only a few short weeks before.

In the first carriage rode Hugh and his father, one tearful and sad, the other gloomy and silent. In the other, following close behind, came Ruby and Marah, and all the journey through the girl rode with Marah's arm about her waist, and her hand in that of the faithful old friend. At the end of the day they stopped at the hotel of a drowsy town upon the coast, and, as the boat they were to take was not to sail till evening, Marah and old Peter were sent on board early to see that every thing was arranged comfortably for the travelers.

Not a word up to this time had passed between Marah and Richard, and he did not

interfere with her movements, though the sight of her was far from pleasant to him, as she ignored his presence, and seemed to be acting in silent defiance of his wish.

It was dusk when they went on board. As Ruby sat with Hugh on deck, watching while the stars came out, Marah came hurriedly to her side bringing her shawl, and asking Hugh if "they had brought certain parcels from the hotel which had been carelessly left behind by Pete?"

"I do not know, I think not, Marah, I will see," and he went away to look.

As Marah wrapped the shawl about Ruby, she held her tenderly a moment and kissed her, whispering:

"My lamb! my darling! my precious, precious child," just as Hugh called out from the gangway—

"No, Marah, the parcels are not here."

"I will go for them, then," she said. "There is plenty of time. You may not sail for an hour," and before they could prevent it she was gone.

Hardly was she beyond the reach of their voices on the wharf, than the great wheels began to turn, and the boat turning slowly round steamed away from the dock.

"Marah! Marah! they have left her behind. I will not go and leave her," said Ruby, distracted with this new trouble.

"Hush, Ruby!" said Hugh, soothingly. "She gave me this for you," slipping a note in her hand. "As she passed me on the gangway, she rushed up and said: 'Give this to Ruby, and take care of her—take care of her till I come back.'"

Ruby tore it open and read, in the dim light of a deck lantern:

"Do not be sorry about my leaving you, pet. I could not go, and I could not bear to see you grieve at my leaving you. I shall come later, and I stay behind only because I find your interests demand it. To watch over you, and all that is yours, and to come to you as quickly as my work is done here, you may trust your Marah."

"O Uncle Richard, why did you let her go? Why did you let her leave me?"

"I did not know she meant to go, my child. She will come after you by the next boat, be

sure of it," and he walked aft, sorry for Ruby, but secretly relieved that she was gone.

But Ruby could not restrain her tears, till Hugh bade her stand up and look back, and on the very end of the pier, under a strong light, stood Marah, waving and kissing her hand. Hugh threw his arm about his cousin and waved his hat, and they moved on into the darkness, and left her there, with only her breaking heart for company—a heart so full of sorrow that she forgot there was earth under her feet, or sea below, or stars above; for around her there was nothing but night and darkness and pain.

How long she stood there she did not know. Old Peter, who had driven them over from the plantation, came down the pier to take her back to the hotel. He was to spend the night there and to return on the following day, and Marah had told him she should go back with him and follow Rubetta by a later steamer, when things at the villa no longer needed her care.

The servants all regarded her as a superior, and to them it seemed most natural that she should be intrusted with the interests of the family. But Pete, grown rheumatic, possibly, from watching so many nights with his master, did not relish staying a moment longer than he must by the water. So she sent him back without her, telling him she knew the way. He hobbled off, muttering his discontent, and she turned her eyes out to the blackening water, through which the boat was steadily bearing her treasure into the darkness. Smaller and smaller the outline grew, until at last she saw only the gleam of the lights, and even these seemed to sink into the sea until at last only one danced and flickered like a meteor upon her sight, now higher and now lower, and then all at once it was gone.

Benumbed in thought and feeling, her entire being concentrated in the one sense of sight, she strained her eyes in the direction where her hope had gone; when suddenly she saw the ship again rising out of the blackness, and she gave a joyful cry. They were surely coming back again, coming for her, perhaps; and for a moment she

was ready to plunge into the water, in mad haste to meet it one moment sooner.

The steamer came on very swiftly, and Marah pushed hurriedly forward to the landing, hardly knowing how she got there through the crowding vehicles and thronging men. Her eyes, watching the deck, scanned all faces on which fell the flare of the lights, and she took her place near the gangway, ready to put her foot upon the plank even before it touched the boat.

"Take care, woman. Bless my soul, what are you thinking about?" said a workman, roughly laying his hand on her arm.

"They have come back for me. Let me go," she said.

"Go where, woman alive? Why, this is the incoming steamer from Savannah."

She grew very white; but a colored man, a porter from the hotel, recognized her, and said:

"Lord a massy, missis! yer done got lef'? Now, dat's jes' drefle. An' all de res', dey gone and leab you behin'? Now, jes' come here, chile. I put you in de hotel coach dis yer bressed minnit;" and he took her by the arm to draw her away.

He led her through the mud, talking volubly all the while about "'flickshins an' trib'lashins;" and the half-fainting woman allowed herself to be placed in the darkness in the corner of the worn coach, while Sambo shuffled back for more passengers, remarking as he went that, "white folks or no white folks, she's a gwine up to dat 'ar house in dat coach; an' no use talkin' about it, no-how."

She had not many moments to wait alone; but it seemed an age to the poor woman, some of whose faculties were utterly benumbed, and some of them so keenly alive as to make existence a torture. She could have screamed; and many a woman in her place would have done so. But Marah shut her hands tight together and was still, when a shrill voice broke on her ear with:

"My goodness gracious me! How many more mudholes be there betwixt me and them waggins?"

"Mos' jes' dar now, missis," said Sambo, soothingly. "Heap o' mud spilt; bin a

havin' rain jes' lately;" and he appeared at the door of the coach, accompanied by a woman whom he grasped tightly by the arm, as if she were a rare specimen and he feared to lose her.

As she came under the carriage lamps she pulled herself away with a spiteful jerk, and exclaimed:

"How under the light of the moon do you expect to h'ist a creetur' into that 'are?" looking at the high step and the open door of the coach.

Marah opened her eyes, and met a vision new, certainly, to her unsophisticated gaze. There stood a tall, gaunt, large-boned woman, guiltless of crinoline, with pale yellow hair, very thin in front, and drawn back tight from a face whose leathern tint was relieved by countless freckles. She lifted her eyes, pale blue, like little pools of skim-milk, with a pink border around the lids.

Her bonnet was awry; her right hand grasped a cotton umbrella and her left a handbox, which all Sambo's persuasions could not induce her to resign.

"Lif' yer up bery easy, missis;" taking hold of her arm.

She twitched away with:

"T ain't me needs none o' yer h'istin'. An' I fetched every thing I thought Miss Patty'd want in a heathen land; but I'll allow I didn't calc'late on her needin' a ladder."

Before he could answer another face came in sight—a face full of grave gentleness and sweetness, surrounded by old-fashioned puffs of silvery hair. She was leaning on the arm of a gentleman, and Sambo immediately stepped forward to assist her to her seat, when the first-comer said to him, in an undertone:

"You jes' let alone. Ef she's got to be boosted I'll dew it myself. You hain't no call to tetch her."

The gentleman, however, saved her the trouble, and, standing hat in hand at the door, he said:

"I trust you will find your nephew much better than you fear. I could almost thank him for being ill, it has given us so pleasant a *compagnon de voyage*."

"Now, missis!" said Sambo, waiting for the woman with the umbrella.

"S'pose he thinks I can't; but I hain't run arter cows and Silas's young ones this dozen year not to be able to git into that 'are," at the same time climbing with alacrity to her place; "but he need n't take the trouble to call me 'missis.' Thank the Lord, I hain't give no man no right to put that handle onter my name—no, not *yet*;" and she brought her umbrella down with an excited thump upon the floor.

The lady laughed at her outburst; but she said, gently:

"Rachel, I am afraid you will make me sorry I brought you, you seem to become so excited over the inconveniences of the journey."

"Wall, now, if that do n't beat all!" said Rachel, blushing. "I do n't mean nothin', Miss Patty; but they be the shiflessest set! And, the sassy things, they jest act as if I was a white nigger, jest because I won't give up my handbox and my umberell. Why, I might as well wear my best bonnet and my new false front, reg'lar, as to trust them to these darkeys!"

"They would not want your new front, Rachel; they could n't wear that," said the lady, much amused.

"Wall, mebbey not. No, I do n't s'pose 't would be becomin'," she said, good-naturedly, as if the absurdity of supposing any woolly head would covet her flaxen front had just dawned upon her. "And I dew talk too much, likely's not. I'll keep my mouth shet now, and I'll soon find use for my hands. Them's wuth suthin', any how. Why, Miss Patty," as if anxious to change the subject, "you hain't eat a good meal o' vittles, scassly, sence you left home. I'll be glad when we git to some place where I can go to the kitchen. I'm jest achin' to stir up suthin' for Mr. Robert. Dear little feller! I can see him now a taggin' me round the pasters, a pullin' and a strainin' at a root o' sassyfras. 'Cos he was a boy, he thought ef a root stuck he must yank it out for me. And I used to humor him, bless his little bones!" and her hard voice softened at her recollections.

And the gentle voice only answered:
"Poor Robert!"

And over there in the corner sat one who had closed his eyes, and put flowers in his hands, and seen the sod piled above his grave.

Yet some strange paralysis of will held Marah dumb. Every time the wheels revolved she meant to speak, and could not.

At last, as they rumbled through the streets to the hotel door, Rachel said:

"Miss Patty, ef—wall—ef—little Robert—should n't git over it, you know, what will you do with his little dorter?"

"O Rachel," said the other, in a voice of tearful earnestness, "what could I do but love her? I would love her and protect her as if she were my own child."

The door was thrown open, and, as the gray-haired lady descended, the dark face in the corner bent down, and a kiss fell on the trailing hem of her robe. There was hope in the world, and truth, and a ray of both had pierced a darkened soul.

But Rachel, reaching for her "umberell," saw the act of grateful worship, and said, with an air of great disgust:

"Wall, that's too much, by enough sight! Patty Thorn's an uncommon good woman, marm; but she ain't no saint to be bowed down tew, nor yit the Virgin Mary."

CHAPTER IX.

"You spoke very harshly to the poor woman, Rachel," said Patience to her handmaiden, when they had been conducted to their room.

"Wall, 't want no way for her to behave, Miss Patty, and you would n't a' seen sech a sight outside of this pagan heathen kentry."

"But the woman must have been touched by something we said. Perhaps she had a little girl of her own."

"So I s'posed. Suthin' o' that sort, mos' likely. But s'posin' t' was Nancy—she's got girls enough, and boys enough, too, in all conscience; and many's the kind word I've spoke for 'em, off and on—but I should n't calc'late on Silas's wife kissin' the gown I wore ef I was climbin' outen the waggin before the meetin'-us."

"Why, no," said Patience, laughing in spite of herself. "I should not expect that of Nancy, certainly."

"More 'n all that," went on this voluble daughter of the North, talking with the end of a string in her mouth, while she wound the other end around a little wisp of hair at the back of her head, "'tain't hulsome for nobody, no matter how good they be,"—here she let the string slip from between her teeth, leaving a red mark on her cheek from lip to ear, "'tain't hulsome to be bowed down to 's if they was suthin' more 'n common;" and she gave the ends of the string a final jerk that made her look as if she never again would shut her eyes. Proceeding then to adjust the new front, which, as usual with such adornment, was several shades darker than it should be, she completed the arrangement by twisting the ends with the yellow wisp left behind into a little knot that could easily have been passed through a good sized button-hole. So hard and round was it that it suggested a back entrance to her brain, of which the protuberance might be the door-knob.

Her satisfaction with the arrangement seemed to have the effect to soften her heart to all her race, for she glanced kindly at Aunt Patience, who sat resting herself in an arm-chair by the window, and gave a footstool a shove toward her with her foot. Patience lifted her eyes in mild rebuke, and the woman blushed to the roots of her hair, and broke out:

"Hain't got no manners, Miss Patty; hain't never had none to speak of; but I did n't mean to heave it at yer feet," and she bent down and adjusted the stool.

The placid face above her, the snowy cap, only a shade whiter than the hair, and the hands—white as the handkerchief—folded in old-fashioned precision, were in strange contrast to the bony, angular, masculine woman, whose voice had never learned a soft inflection, nor her face one gentle look. Yet they were daughters of the same soil, pupils in the same country school in childhood, and inmates of the same home for more than twenty years. Rachel's brawny hands knew no end of service, but in all this time they

had never learned a grace. She would have resisted being termed a servant as she would an infringement of a heaven-given right. She was Miss Patty's "help," her right hand, her strong arm of defense, her hedge round about, with the thorns, alas! often on the inside. She would have worked day and night, hiding her pains and aches, rather than give Miss Thorn a care. If Silas Stubbs had died she would have felt how shiftless it was "to squeeze himself into heaven and leave Nancy with all that passel o' young ones;" but she would have wished to do *his* work on the farm and Nancy's in the house, and, if possible, would have compassed both, without Miss Patty's knowing that she was doing more than her own.

Yet she *would* speak her mind, and she had her opinions on most subjects of general interest, or, in her own words, "her ideas on most p'int's." To the other articles of her creed, she would have added, "and I believe in Patty Thorn, Amen." But while she accepted Patty's theories, she quarreled with their operation.

Patty Thorn, sitting behind her tea-urn, dispensing mild antislavery doctrines, with biscuits and butter of Rachel's own making, was an object of admiring pride; but Patty Thorn, nursing a ragged and footsore tramp, "a reg'lar vagabones, jest 'cause he was black and could tell more lies in a minnit than a white man could in a week," was to Rachel an object of impatient scorn.

When Patience decided, on receipt of Richard's appeal, to start at once southward, Rachel at first refused to go. Every thing on the place would go to "wrack and ruin" if she left, and Silas's children would be so "obstrop'rous that Nancy would go ravin' distracted if she were beyond her reach."

But then, on the other hand, she told Nancy that "ef Miss Patty went without her, she'd be put upon by every thing that wore wool, and more'n likely 's not come home with an army o' blacks taggin' behind her."

And Nancy believed it all, and sighed that when Miss Patty "got 'em, they'd eat her out o' house and home," meantime rocking a cradle with her foot where slumbered

the two-year-old son of Silas, while she lay the squirming one-year-old on his stomach across her knees, there to wriggle himself out of the colic or to trot the colic out of him. Poor Nancy! Rachel was her "main stay;" but if Rachel's going would prevent the coming of that woolly-headed army to waste Aunt Patty's substance and make "rye and injin scass" for the army of tow-heads already foraging in the field, she must e'en consent.

So Rachel changed her mind, beguiled partly by the promise that she should take down a few "yarbs," and should make for Robert all the good things in the culinary line that he liked when he was a boy, and partly by the conviction that she could stand between her mistress and the race for which she showed so marked a weakness.

She was not a woman to shirk when once she felt the stirring of a mission; and from the time they started her lance was never in rest. She seemed to watch and long for opportunities to snap at and snub every thing dark-colored. She suspected every waiter or servant with whom she came in contact, and when Patience reproved her she responded, "Can't help it, Miss Patty; I'm goin' to keep 'em off. Their heads inside are jist as full of kinks as they be outside; and to *keep 'em off's* what I come for. If I can't do it, I might as well go back." Sometimes distressed, oftener amused, Patience generally let her alone, remonstrating if she grew too rude in her expression, as in the present instance.

Considerably mollified and put on her good behavior by her "front"—for best clothes have a beneficent mission, and many a poor soul behaves the better for being dressed up,—she was prepared to listen to Patience, who said:

"You know, Rachel, you can hurt me more than you help me, by hurting some poor helpless creature that belongs to God."

"Wall, I did n't say nothin' to hurt her, nothin' to speak on. I do n't like to have 'em springing up every-where, when you do n't expect to see one, like hop-toads in a medder. To think o' findin' one curled up in the corner of a kirridge, and slobberin'

over the skirt of your silk gown! Wall, some folks might like it, but I must allow it beats me!"

"She was some poor mother, or servant probably, who was touched by a gentle voice and word."

"Wall, ef she was a mother, as I tell Nancy, so much the more reason why she need n't be *redick'lus*; and ef she was a servant, I do n't see 's that need make her willin' to have any body wipe their old shoes on her." And there the matter rested, and would rest till she should come in contact with another of what she called the "dark-complected" race.

They gave Marah a room at the hotel, where she had often stopped with Ruby and her father, and she explained quietly that she was not intending to go on the steamer, but was to return in the morning to the plantation with Peter. She asked, as the house was not full, to go back to the same room in which she had made Ruby's last preparations; and, seated there by the window, she tried to quiet her soul by thinking over the last hours with the girl, moment by moment, look by look, and word by word. The window opened on to a balcony, and as the air grew stifling, she raised it, and, seating herself on the low window-seat, let the cool air play about her face.

Suddenly the window next her was thrown open with a jerk, and a voice came out to her, saying in accents not unfamiliar to her ear, "Now, you jest set where you be, Miss Patty, till I lug this cheer through the winder. Its middlin' cool out here on the pi-azzer;" and, backing through the window, came the lank figure, the door knob, and the sharp elbows of the red-haired maiden. She was struggling with a huge arm-chair, which she had thrown on its back and captured by the four legs, between which her waist was now inclosed. With many a vigorous pull she got it through, and set it upright with the same energy she would have applied to Silas Jr. in the mysterious process of setting him down hard, but as she turned to go in, calling, "Come, now, Miss Thorn; it's cool as a cucumber, and there a'in't nary person here," her eyes fell on Marah's mo-

tionless figure and colorless face, and she gave a little scream of terror. Recovering herself instantly, she burst out:

"My goodness gracious me! Wall, if you ain't enough to give any body a conniption! Sakes alive!"

"Rachel! Rachel!" said the gentle voice, and Miss Patty stepped forward in alarm, not that Rachel should be hurt, but lest in her vehemences she should hurt somebody else.

"What have you found to distress you now?"

"I am sorry I frightened her, madam," said the low, plaintive voice. "This is my room; but I will go in if I disturb you."

Poor Marah! Rachel might have thrown her hard Northern accents at her for hours, and she would not have felt them enough to move or to answer a word, but this lady who had said she would "love Ruby," she wanted to hear her speak again. The clear, low utterances fell like drops of water on a flame.

"No, indeed; why *should* you go in? There is enough of this sweet evening air for us all. Rachel! Rachel!" she called, looking back into the room, "come and sit here in the coolness and rest yourself."

"No, Miss Patty," she answered, "much obleeged, but I'm jest goin' to open the trunk and give the gownds a shake, or you won't be fit to be seen when you get to Mister Robert's;" and coming nearer, she said, in a sepulchral whisper, making a face of great disgust, and nodding toward Marah, "That's her!"

"What do you say?" asked Aunt Patty aloud.

"Why, that's her, the one I've been 'speakin' my mind' about. Guess I better stay in here, if you want me to hold my tongue."

"Very well; do not say any thing more to her;" and as Rachel disappeared, Miss Thorn called after her, "Ring the bell, and send for some one from the office, Rachel, and ask about a conveyance to take us to Mr. Thorn's. Find out how long it will take, and all about it."

Rachel never touched the bell, but went herself, and Aunt Patty turned to Marah, saying:

"I am afraid my good companion was

rude to you, both now and in the carriage. She does not mean it; her heart is full of kindness, but she is unused to your ways."

"It does not matter—I mean I did not notice it. I was so full of other thoughts. I am glad to have her speak harshly if it makes you speak gently to me."

Aunt Patty was puzzled with the profound pitiful sadness of the tone and the face. It asked her for comfort, as a child's face might, but she seemed at the same time under such a deadly apathy and numbness of spirit as to be unable to appropriate it.

Across the poor woman's dazed brain was just creeping the thought that she had something to say to this woman, that she ought to tell her that her journey must end here, that that for which she wished to visit the villa was already gone. Yet, so utterly stricken was she in the loss of her child that her mind held steadily only that one thing, as a center around which a thousand vague emotions and fancies whirled in helpless confusion. She could not think or reason. She was conscious of a kind of comfort and calm in the presence of this woman, whom she knew, and whom she had feared. She wanted to look at her, to hear her speak, again and again, in the voice that said she would love Ruby. Surely to such a face and voice a mother might trust her child. And she would be going to Ruby, for there would be nothing to keep her, after she knew Robert was dead. She would see Ruby, touch her, kiss her, and at the thought the distracted woman reached her arms out in helpless longing toward the sea, the glitter of whose waves could be seen from the veranda where they sat.

She was half delirious, poor soul! Yet something in this presence, so calm and peaceful, saved her, as a cool hand on the forehead, or a loving voice sometimes holds back the fever-stricken from raving. And again, her benumbed brain caught at one of the thronging thoughts, and held it long enough to feel the weight of the obligation it suggested, and to wish she *could* find words to tell the lady by her side what she knew ought to be told, when a tap at her door aroused her.

Reluctantly, but silently, she left the window to answer the summons, and there in the hall stood Rachel, her front awry, her nose red, her eyes streaming tears, and the whole lower half of the apron which she had put on to unpack the box crumpled up to her face as if she had a toothache.

"Jest step out here a minnit and shet that door."

Marah obeyed, and the two stood in the hall confronting each other, and Rachel sniffed and tried to control her voice, and Marah instinctively stroked the freaked hand she had taken.

"O deary, deary, deary me!" she broke forth, at last. "I'm afeard I'll bu'st right out a cryin' afore *her*; but I do n't calk'late tew, fur I want her to hev one good night's sleep afore she hears on 't."

"Yes, yes; I know," said Marah, gently.

"Do n't you breathe a word on 't. Promise now, sure's you live and breathe and draw the breath o' life. That's what I called ye out for."

"No; I will not tell her," said the other.

"And you jest set there, and kinder talk to her, till I look round and find some place to cry, will ye? for it's begun, and when I begins it's jest like a Spring freshet. O my, if I was to home, I'd go out t' the barn or up in the old shed chamber," and she held the apron over her mouth, and gave the front a twitch, which sent it further wrong than before.

Somehow her distress seemed to help Marah, as in sudden shock of accident we forget our pain in the sight of others, and can not, for the moment, tell where our own wound is.

"You can come in my room," she said, "and I will go on the veranda and stay with the sweet lady till you are able to talk to her. - I will shut the window, and she can not hear you then."

"Oh yes; Oh deary me. How will she stand it? how will she bear up under it? Them boys was like the apples of her eyes, and poor little Bobbie. Well, I might full better not have fetched them yarbs. They hain't done him an atom of good, not an

atom, and the trunk smelt like an apothecary shop all the way."

Marah drew her in and shut the window and the door. Still she cried and talked in hysterical whispers, seizing Marah's hand in the dark.

"I know who you be," she said, "and I do n't wonder you was all struck up. You must n't mind nothin' I said. I'm jest an old turtle that orter stay in my shell, always snappin' out when I've no call to say a word. And if Patty Thorn warn't a saint, she'd a' boxed my ears long afore this time."

Then another plunge of the head into the capacious apron, from which she emerged with,

"Do n't mind my takin' on! I'll have my spell out, and that'll be the end o' my fussin'. I sha' n't be a tearin' round good for nothin' jest when Miss Patty wants suthin done."

A few sniffs more, and then as if she suddenly recollected that she might not be honoring her profession, she explained:

"Not that I want any body to think I'm m'rmurin' at the ways o' Providence. I'm sure dear Mister Robert was fit and prepared in his mind, and 'cordin' to all I've seen, its a sparin' mercy to take any body out o' this heathen land straight up to heaven; but, I really s'posed the good old-fashioned ways of nussin' and doctorin' and decent vittles, would kinder build him up agin."

"Nothing could have saved him, Miss Rachel."

"None o' your 'missin' me. I'm jest a hired girl, Miss Patty's help, and no more nor better nor nobody else that works all day and is glad to git it to do, ef I do go round snarlin'. Oh deary me! Oh my gracious, goodness me! how am I ever to break it to Patty Thorn?"

But Rachel's voice had far out-run her prudence, and Aunt Patience had looked in her room, and not finding her there, looked in the hall, just in time to see her disappear in Marah's chamber. Stepping gently to the door, she rapped, and no one answering, she pushed it open. Rachel was in the midst of her outburst, sitting on the

side of the bed with her back to the door. But Marah saw her, and saw the color go from her lips, as she drew back and went to her own room.

All her scattered faculties rallied, and she went quickly after her, saying, as she went:

"Hush, now, Rachel. Stay here and try to be quiet."

The adjoining door had gently closed behind Patience, and the woman waited a moment wondering if she should go in, then borrowing courage from pity, she entered gently, and there, kneeling by the bed, the dear old mother-heart was telling her new sorrow to the only heart that can take into his own the sharpness and sting of *our* pain.

All the noise was Rachel's. Aunt Patience was very quiet; but Rachel, who undressed her, with only an occasional sniff, would have lifted her in her arms, and laid her in the bed, as if she were a little child.

"You are a dear old blessing, Rachel," she said, as she declined her help; "if only you would keep your lips as gentle as your heart is, it would be a great comfort to me. You see this poor woman was Robert's nurse."

"Don't! Miss Patty, don't! I'll never blow out again as long as I live and breathe—'Hope to die if I do,' and she rushed away, as if secretly warned of another freshet.

And much of the night Marah sat on a low seat with her head against Aunt Patty's hand, that lay outside the coverlet.

Surely God had sent a help to her. Her instinct was true as a little child's, and she knew there was, among these Thorns, one heart at least to which she might trust her precious child.

Patience wanted to know all about Robert, and Marah told her how peacefully he had died, how they had buried him in the cypress grove; how gentle he was, and how fair and noble a child he had left behind.

"It is so hard not to see him—to have come down here for nothing," said the lady.

"You came for something, for more than you know," answered Marah. "You came to save me from despair, I think."

"At parting with the child? Was it so hard? Of course I need not ask, for you

had always been with her; but you will join her soon. Can you not go back with me?"

"No, not with you;" she answered with her lips, but her heart gave a great bound of hope. "Why could she not?" But *no, no; she knew she must not.* Not yet, not yet.

When morning came they found that no steamer would follow the one that had taken the Thorns for the next four days. Aunt Patience began to desire to see Robert's home and his grave, and it was settled that they should go to the plantation for this brief interval of waiting.

Accordingly, the carriages in which the party came over to take the boat went back with Rachel and Aunt Patience in one and Marah in the other. When the journey was partly accomplished Marah came to ride with Miss Thorn, and Rachel, still armed with her "umberell," though the sky was cloudless, compassed the remaining distance in solitary state, with young "Mercury" perched on the fore for a coachman. She was much subdued, her eyelids verily tape-bound and swollen, her freckles assuming undue prominence on her pale face, and the end of her nose redder than ever. No stronger evidence of the softening touch of affliction could have been given than the fact that she trusted her precious bandbox to old Peter without an admonitory word.

It was a day of rare beauty without, of deep and tender sadness within the hearts of nearly all the little party that journeyed leisurely through the sunlit hours, coming to the plantation at even-tide; just when earth and sky and water combined to make the spot fair enough for the home of spirits freed from care.

Most of the rooms were closed, but Robert's room and the anteroom adjoining were made comfortable for his aunt and her attendant. Rachel was willing to "turn her hand to any thing," and soon proved that she was capable as well. They had an evening meal in the dim parlor; after which Aunt Patience passed a solemn hour in Robert's chair on the veranda, and then went to the rest that comes, even in the nights of sorrow, to those who, loving much,

trust even more. And Marah wandered over the empty rooms, and put tender touches on all the articles that had ever felt Ruby's hand; and, at last, lying on Ruby's bed, she slept the sleep of utter exhaustion, with her arms folded across her breast and a dream warming her heart that within them she held her child.

The two days that followed were passed by Rachel in general repairing of the damages of the recent journey, and in preparations for the one to come. Trunks were opened, and with many a sniff and tear their contents were freed from the odor of "yarbs." All Miss Patty's dresses were shaken out of their folds and aired, as if some contagion had penetrated the very walls of the boxes from the unclean land through which they had passed. Capes and kerchiefs that had neither lost freshness nor gained a wrinkle were declared to need "doing up," and the departure of the cook from the kitchen left full scope for the display of her powers in the culinary line. True, there was no one but Miss Patty and herself to cook for; but she went around the kitchen, hitherto presided over by a waddling old colored woman in a red and yellow turban, with her red nose in the air in great contempt of all their Southern works and ways, and a certain pride in showing them how things ought to be done, and how to produce "a decent meal of vittles."

The few servants remaining on the place stood in great awe of her, and peered through the windows and hung around the doors as she worked, the little ones grinning in conciliatory manner as the savory smells reached their nostrils from the fire.

If any one had told her she would go down South, and of her own free will cook for the negroes, she would have been very angry; yet for her life she could not help doing more than was needed above stairs, so that they might all have a taste of what they "would never git again," unless, indeed, Nancy's prophecy should be fulfilled, and they all went "taggin'" after Miss Patty to Vermont.

Rachel hardly realized that she was trying, in the only way she knew,—the way of hard

work,—to keep off the consciousness that these were sorrowful days for Aunt Patty. To feed her constantly, to pat her pillows till she could not help sleeping on them, to save her any work, were the only ways Rachel knew of comfort, and these she tried till her own old bones ached in the task.

Still, though these helped, they did not heal the sadness and soreness that seemed to weigh upon the spirits of the usually cheerful old lady.

It was a great pain to her that she had come too late. She felt it far more, now that a sight of Robert's home gave her an insight into what his life had been. She wandered through the rooms, lingering over one evidence or another of the love that had planned to make it all as Lucia liked it best. She was interested in the quaint structure, and her imagination easily filled the place with the gentle presence of her boy as he was when she saw him last. She rested on his sofa by the window; she sat in his chair upon the veranda; she walked about the grounds, and spent silent, prayerful hours by his grave.

A great hush of peaceful stillness seemed over all the place, that sank into her heart and rested it. She wished she had Hugh here with her; and from Hugh her thoughts went to his cousin, Robert's only child. Somehow her work seemed done for her own boys; for Richard seemed beyond her influence, and Robert was in his grave. Neither of them had made what she had hoped. There was something in Robert's brow and eyes that in his early manhood made her think of a copy she had once seen of Guido's Archangel Michael hovering in justice above the cowering demon of darkness. She would have had his a soul before which evil could not but flee abashed; aggressive by the very force of the right within him. And it had not been that. He had not toyed or tampered with sin, but he had allowed it in his sight; it had not fled at his presence as she believed it would have done if his life had been as high as her prayers.

And now he was gone, and in one sense Richard was gone too, and her work, if she had any, must lie with their children. Of

these Hugh was fast growing to be what she desired, and the other was still a stranger. She had hoped to talk over with Robert all his plans and wishes for her, but now it was too late for that. She must get wisdom from the one only source of which she knew. That she should love the child she was sure before she came, and surer now that she saw how Marah loved her.

And Marah seemed to find such comfort in this assurance; and while she busied herself, directing all the other servants did, and seeing that nothing was left undone that could contribute to the entire protection of the place, yet she improved every leisure moment to be in the presence of the gray-haired lady to whom she clung with the instinctive sense of kindness and protection which dumb animals often show. She watched, when Rachel was not about, to see if she could perform any service, and was grateful for any duty that made her near. She followed afar off when she walked about the grounds; she sat in her old seat when Aunt Patience sat in Robert's chair, and even when she went to his grave Marah went also, and kept her in her sight.

And Patience, thinking of her as one of those Robert had hired, who had perhaps another family and other ties to which she could go, yet pitied her for the profound sadness this separation seemed to cause. It did not seem an unnatural sorrow to one who knew that under like circumstances she would have felt it herself. She recognized in Marah no ordinary servant, but a woman worthy to be intrusted with the care she seemed to have for all Robert had left behind. She had been puzzled by Robert's letter, puzzled by Richard's, which summoned her to help him with some of Robert's problems; yet so full was she of her own thoughts that she did not associate Marah either with one or the other. Robert's letter said he would tell her all. Robert gone, she waited, feeling that Richard would tell her all; and meantime Marah seemed to her only a sort of *Rachel* to Robert and Robert's child.

And Marah's poor heart was following her about, full of the dumb ache of a grief

that can not be spoken. Often she was tempted to throw herself at her feet and tell her *all*, all about herself, all about Richard, and the fortune, and the missing jewels, and the whole dreadful burden of her longing to go North, and her fear that she would do harm to the daughter if she should go.

But, much as she longed to do it, something held her back. Miss Thorn might be angry at her suspicions; might ask Richard, and he would tell his own suspicion that Marah knew the secret of the lost treasure. Then he would find out that she had again asserted her claim to Ruby, and the barrier between her and her child would only be wider and higher. No, no; this lady was sorry for her now. She would be silent, and perhaps that sympathy would abide. If she ran the risk, and destroyed it, she would be again where she was on that dreadful night when the ship sailed out of sight, alone, with no link between the great mysterious North-land and herself.

The last day waned, and the last twilight died to darkness, and the woman haunted the house again with her gloomy presence, stealing from room to room, her great eyes peering into every nook and corner, and the sad, sad story was still untold.

In her restless misery she stood at midnight on the piazza below Robert's room, when from the windows above her a broad yellow glare suddenly burst upon the lawn. In a breath the trees and shrubs became great moving spectral forms before her eyes, under the fiery glare of the flames that burst upon them from somewhere over her head. At the same instant a shrill voice broke the stillness with:

"O my goodness gracious me! I've sot the bed afire! Help, help, 'fore Miss Patty's burnt to a crisp!"

Quick as the flame itself, Marah darted up the staircase and dashed at the door of Robert's room. It was bolted on the inside, and Rachel, whose cries reached her from within, did not come to open it. Wild with terror, she sprang to the anteroom door, and found her further progress stopped by the heavy woolen curtains between this chamber and

the next, which Rachel had not only dropped but carefully pinned together at the middle. She spread her arms, and with almost maniac strength tore them from the rings and plunged with them into the room; straight at the bed, the light coverings of which were wrapped in flames, she sprang, throwing the heavy woolen cloth over the form of Aunt Patience, who had fainted in the effort to leave the burning bed, and whom Rachel was vainly endeavoring to drag from the clothing, already on fire, toward the window. Out through the stifling smoke into the anteroom, and thence out to the balcony, they bore her; and, leaving her to Rachel, Marah rushed back to direct the frightened negroes, now aroused and assembled, their teeth chattering with terror, in the hall.

The fire was not yet beyond control, having extended little beyond the bed, whose burning curtains had made the sheet of flame that had burst forth simultaneously with Rachel's cry. Old Peter, who was the last to appear, yet yelled like a hero, and little Mercury's thin legs darted hither and yon, as if he were indeed the grasshopper he looked. Both seemed to develop a heroic faculty for selecting whatever would not burn, and passing whatever would do so; but the flames, notwithstanding this waste of labor, were soon subdued.

Pete really believed himself to be the hero of the occasion, and improved the first lull after the confusion by an undress rehearsal for the next camp-meeting, having his fellow servants for an audience.

"Now, childun," said he, "you see de uses ob 'flicshins. I nebah could 'a put out de ragin' fire or saved Miss Thorn's life, nebah, if I had n't ben used to settin', night after night, on de walls ob Zion, waitin' for de soundin' trump, when de good Lord send de angels for to fetch Mns'r Robert up to Kingdom Come. Pete nebah could ben fus' fellah dar if he had n't ben used to *sleepin' light*. 'Membah, brederin'," warming up with his subject; "'membah, if 'e want to be in time to pull folks out de everlastin' burnin's, and not get de fus' scorch, nebah do to go to sleep all ober at once. 'Membah, ef one eye jes' done shet, ye must keep de

udder eye wide open light. Dat's old Pete's 'sperience; and dat's bery good Gospel, too."

But poor Rachel (less economical of the truth than Pete) could boast of no part in extinguishing the fire, and frankly owned she had occasioned it, having set fire to the curtains "by looking under the bed—for a man."

Aunt Patience was not injured, but was frightened and half stifled with the smoke. She soon recovered sufficiently to be taken away to Ruby's bed, where, strange to say, Marah was glad to see her, feeling that here she would be beyond Rachel's supervision, and she could sit and watch her undisturbed.

When she returned to the anteroom, after seeing her comfortably disposed, she found the servants still chattering and excited, and would have hurried them off to their quarters, but they were evidently waiting to hear from Rachel all about how the fire occurred. They made a strange group, men and women together, in any odd attire that had been nearest at hand, some of them wrapped in the sheets from their beds. They were all talking at once, like a nest of blackbirds. Rachel was certainly as unique as any of them in her appearance, dressed in petticoat of striped flannel and a short gown such as would have been a glory to some *haus-mutter* in Fader-land, her feet thrust in the legs of hose of her own knitting, the heels and toes of which dragged after her on the floor. On her nearly bald head was a close cotton nightcap, tied under the chin in as elaborate a bow as an inch and a half of cotton tape could make. Conscience-smitten as she was, yet the excitement made her forget entirely all her dislike of the race of which her audience was composed, and gave her almost a

feeling of being a heroine. Poor Rachel! Hers had been a life in which nothing ever happened, and she was quite ready to "run on" until she had told this bronzed ebony group all about it.

"Ye see I was jest a-peekin' under, and I s'pose I tetched the candle to the bed, when"—

"What was ye lookin' for?" asked Pete.

"Why, for a man! what should any body look for?"

"Did ye see him done crawl under?" asked Mercury, his round eyes shining, while the maids cast a nervous glance behind them.

"Ther' wa' n't no man there. I knew that much; but I hain't put out the light and got inter bed for nigh on to forty year, 'thout peekin' under. Hain't seen nothin', and never expect to, but somehow I can't help lookin'; it's a way I hev. Howsomer, I guess this 'll break me on 't, if any thing will. I declare to goodness I'll never peek agin! I've come putty nigh suffocat-in' Miss Patty, and sp'ilt all them putty curtains and things, and all for nothin'. Hain't never found nobody yit! Miss Patty, she used to say to me, says she, 'What ye 'fraid on?' and I need n't 'a ben sech a goose. Guess any body that caried me off would 'a fetched me back in the mornin'."

And the poor excited old damsel would have "run on," as she called it, all night, if Marah, conscious of the proprieties of the household, had not decidedly ordered the servants to their beds. They went, grinning and chuckling, except Pete, who was groaning, "Bress de Lord for his spar-in' massys!" and Mercury, who muttered to himself, "Golly, but I'd like to kotch a man under de bed! would n't I pull de wool out!"

FACETIOUSNESS—TRUE AND FALSE WIT.

SYDNEY SMITH, while entertaining Doctor and Mrs. Marcet as guests at his home in Foston, was talking one morning with his visitors on scientific questions. After speaking impressively and profoundly for some time, he suddenly started up, stretched out his arms and said:

"Come, now let us talk a little nonsense."

"And then," says Mrs. Marcet, "came such a flow of wit and joke and anecdote, such a burst of spirits, such a charm and freshness of manner, such an irresistible laugh, that Solomon himself would have yielded to the infection, and called out, Nonsense forever!"

We are not disposed to hold up this facetious clergyman as, on the whole, a perfect model of Christian character. Unquestionably his facetiousness was excessive, and constantly overflowed the bounds of both clerical and Christian propriety. Nevertheless, we think a measure of his mirthful wit is not only not unbecoming, but really desirable in good men. An excess of gravity is as unprofitable to the individual as it is injurious to the popular opinion concerning true godliness, which, if it appear sour, will never attract mankind. On the other hand, as the good Dr. Barrow observes:

"Such facetiousness is not absolutely unreasonable or unlawful which ministereth harmless divertisement and delight to conversation, . . . for Christianity is not so tetrical, so harsh, so heinous, as to bar us continually from innocent, much less from wholesome and useful pleasure, such as human life doth need or require. And if jocular discourse may serve to good purposes of this kind; if it may be apt to raise our drooping spirits, or allay our irksome cares, . . . to recreate our minds, . . . or maintain good humor among us; if it may conduce to sweeten conversation and endear society, then is it not inconvenient or unprofitable."

This is good sense. A facetious man is a blessing to society, provided his wit or humor be ethically pure, respectful in its allusions

to religious topics and untainted with coarseness and vulgarity. But a man whose wit sports with the solemnities of religion, delights in filthy allusions, or expresses itself in profane words, is a curse to the social circle in which he moves. A witty Christian will "let no corrupt communication" proceed out of his mouth.

What is wit? is a question which many thoughtful men, from Aristotle to Montaigne, and from that shrewd French essayist to Sydney Smith and Leigh Hunt, have attempted to answer. But no one has yet been able to give an exhaustive and satisfactory definition of wit. It is, indeed, says Dr. Barrow, a thing so versatile and multi-form, appearing in so many shapes and postures, so many garbs, so variously apprehended by several eyes and judgments, that it seemeth no less hard to settle a clear notion thereof than to make a portrait of Proteus or to define the figure of fleeting air.

The sharp-eyed divine then proceeds to specify many forms of wit, which, at a later date, the keen-witted Voltaire condensed by saying, "What is called wit is sometimes a new comparison, sometimes a subtle allusion; here it is the abuse of a word, which is presented in one sense and is left to be understood in another; there a delicate relation between two ideas not very common. It is a singular metaphor; it is the discovery of something in an object which does not at first strike the observation, but which is really in it; it is the art of bringing together two things apparently remote, or of dividing two things which seem to be united, or of opposing them to each other. It is that of expressing one-half of what you think, and leaving the other half to be guessed. In short, I would tell you of all the different ways of showing wit, if I had more."

Lord Kames, with still greater brevity, says: "Wit consists chiefly in joining things by distant and fanciful relations, which surprise us because they are unexpected;" and

Webster, viewing it as a quality of the mind, defines it as "the faculty of associating ideas in a new and unexpected manner."

Addison has well remarked that the "basis of all real wit is truth," and that "it has good sense for its ground work." By which we understand, that the ideas unexpectedly associated in a witty remark must possess some real resemblances, inasmuch as the pleasure excited by it arises from one's sudden discovery of congruities not previously perceived. Douglas Jerrold, for example, speaking of a savage, biting critic, remarked: "Oh, yes, he'll review the book as an east wind reviews an apple-tree." And of a green young writer who brought out his first raw specimen of authorship, he said: "He is like a man taking down his shop-shutters before he has any goods to sell." The wit in the first of these instances lies in the unexpected association of a critic and the east wind, and in one's instant perception of their resemblance, in that the effect of a savage criticism is apt to be as blighting to an author's book as is the east wind to the blossom of an apple-tree. In the second case the association of a raw, empty-brained writer with the opening of an unstocked shop, is so unexpected a conceit, and yet so pat, as to provoke our mirthfulness at once.

A jest is false wit, because, though it may contain an unexpected comparison, it lacks this element of truthfulness. Take, for illustration, the following repartees attributed to Jerrold. An acquaintance meeting him one day, said, "Why, Jerrold, I hear you said my nose is like the ace of clubs." Jerrold replied, "No, I did n't; but, now I look at it, I see it is very like."

At another time, the publisher of *Bentley's Miscellany*, said to him, "I had some doubts about the name I should give the magazine. I thought at one time of calling it 'The Wit's Miscellany.'" "Well," rejoined Jerrold, "but you need n't have gone to the other extremity."

Walking round his grounds one day with a young lady visitor, Sydney Smith heard her exclaim, "Oh, why do you chain up that fine Newfoundland dog, Mr. Smith?" "Because it has a passion for breakfasting

on parish boys," replied the reverend joker. "Parish boys!" exclaimed the lady, "does he really eat boys, Mr. Smith?" "Yes, he devours them, buttons and all." The young lady's "face of horror made me die of laughing," said Smith, when relating this jest to his friends.

At another time a lady visitor complained of the recent dreadful heat, "Heat, ma'am!" cried Smith, "it was so dreadful here there was nothing left for it but to take off my flesh and sit in my bones." "Take off your flesh and sit in your bones, sir! Oh, Mr. Smith! How could you do that?" said the lady with great seriousness. "Nothing more easy, ma'am; come and see next time," retorted the clerical joker. No wonder that the lady, who did not perceive that he was jesting, called for her carriage and left, puzzled, if not disgusted, by what she had heard.

In all these examples, it is easy to see that while they provoke our smiles by the surprising audacity of the jesters, and, in the last two cases, by the singular obtuseness of the two ladies, they do not give us the pleasure of genuine witticisms, because of their obvious falsehood. We see at once, that the nose of Jerrold's friend did not resemble the ace of clubs, that the publisher of the *Miscellany* was not a fool as the retort implied, that Sydney Smith's dog was not a boy eater, and that his expedient for escaping from the heat was a fiction of the Munchausen order. In each case the retort is a jest, a specimen, not of genuine, but false wit.

Mere resemblance between ideas is not wit. *Obvious* congruities give no pleasure because they create no surprise. "Thus," says Addison, "when a poet tells us the bosom of his mistress is as white as snow, there is no wit in the comparison," because it is commonplace; "but when he adds with a sigh that it is as cold too, it then grows into wit," both because the comparison is novel, and therefore surprising, and because we perceive a fitness in the metaphor which represents the maiden's indifference by the cold of snow.

Canning, the British statesman, once met a pompous nobleman at a dinner party. The latter spoke in raptures of a certain picture of Noah's Ark in which, he said, the animals

were all marching two and two, the little ones first, and the elephants came last in great majesty.

"Ah, no doubt, my Lord," observed Canning, "your elephants, wise fellows, stayed behind to pack up their trunks."

This witticism silenced the prattling nobleman, as it was meant to do; but it made the party roar with laughter. Its association of the idea of staying behind to pack a trunk as a reason for being last in the procession was a congruity readily seen when once suggested, while the application of it to the elephants, by means of a pun upon the word trunks, was so unexpected as to excite pleasing surprise, and so absurd, withal, as to provoke irrepressible laughter in all but the discomfited lord.

Coleridge quotes a famous witticism by Dean Swift, whom he fitly describes as the soul of Rabelais dwelling in a dry place. He says: "Swift was rare. Can any thing beat his remark on King William's motto,—*Recepit, non rapuit*,—that the receiver was as bad as the thief?" The wit of this remark is too obvious to need comment. It consists in the unexpected application of a well-known proverb to the royal motto, in such a manner as to give it a meaning exactly opposite to the true one. It is a flash of sarcastic wit.

The necessity of surprise and novelty to wit is seen in the utter tastelessness of a stale or often repeated joke. One turns from it as from unseasoned food, or from fruit which, by long keeping, has lost its flavor.

For the same reason we enjoy a pointed repartee better than a witty attack. The former has the relish of freshness and spontaneity; while the latter is redolent of the oil of premeditation. The wit of both may be intrinsically equal; but in the repartee there is a double surprise. There is the surprise caused by the unexpected association of ideas and by the marvelous readiness of the respondent.

The same principle explains the different effect of a pun which, flashing out in the heat of conversation, pleases one exceedingly; but which, when written, one pronounces execrable and witless. There is

seldom much real wit in a pun. At best, it is but a happy play upon words, an unexpected suggestion of resemblances between words rather than ideas. Such resemblances are readily found when sought, but have little value. Nevertheless, like fireflies in Summer, they give an evanescent light to conversation, and make such a punster as Charles Lamb, for example, acceptable in society.

Addison defined a pun as a conceit arising from the use of two words that agree in the sound, but differ in the sense. Although it had the sanction of such ancient writers as Aristotle and Cicero, and of such modern authors as Shakespeare, Bishop Andrews, and other divines of the age of King James the First, he pronounces it to be false wit. Samuel Johnson also abominated a pun. But Charles Lamb insisted that "it is a noble thing *per se*, . . . a digest of reflection, . . . it fills the mind, . . . it is as perfect as a sonnet; better."

Perhaps the reader can decide between Addison and Lamb by weighing some examples of the latter gentleman's puns in the balances of his own judgment. Some one spoke to him one day of a Miss Pate. He immediately asked, "Is she any relation to Mr. John Head, of Ipswich?" Happening to meet the lady at a party, he surprised her by saying, "Miss Pate I hate." "You are the first person who ever told me so, however," replied the young lady. "Oh, I mean nothing by it. If it had been Miss Dove, I should have said, 'Miss Dove I love,' or 'Miss Pike I like.'"

Hearing some one speak of his grandmother one evening Lamb asked, "Was she a tall woman?" "I do n't know; no. Why do you ask?" said the gentleman. Lamb rejoined, "Oh, mine was; she was a *granny dear*."

When a lady recommended *honey* to him as a good thing for the eyes, and supported her recommendation by saying that her daughter had received benefit from it, Lamb replied, "Oh, I knew she had sweet eyes, but had no idea before how they became so."

Lamb was a prince among punsters. His biographer, Talfourd, quotes the above among

specimens of his sayings, "which are worthy to be held in undying remembrance!" Possibly the reader can discover genuine wit in them. We can not. They strike us as light, almost puerile, pleasantries, not witticisms.

Boswell gives a laughable instance of Johnson's complacency with a pun which, by tickling his vanity, overcame for the moment his aversion to that species of false wit. He had been at a party in which he had commanded marked attention. Speaking of it afterwards, Boswell said to him: "Sir, you were a cod surrounded by smelts. Is not this enough for you? at a time, too, when you were not *fishing* for a compliment?" Johnson laughed with delight at this pun. Old Mr. Sheridan, on being told the incident by Boswell, observed, "He liked your compliment so well he was willing to take it with *pun sauce*."

By comparing Sheridan's repartee with Boswell's pun, the reader will readily perceive the difference between a genuine witicism and a pun.

One of the best puns we remember is that of the Hon. Mrs. Norton. It was sent with a subscription to a fund for the benefit of the widow of the humorous Mr. Hood:

"To cheer the widow's heart in her distress,
To make provision for the fatherless,
Is but a Christian's duty, and none should
Resist the heart-appeal of *Widow Hood*."

This pun bears printing. It does not fall flat on the mind, but excites a measure of that pleased surprise which is the characteristic effect of genuine wit. Nevertheless, it must be viewed as an exception, not as a plea for the introduction of puns in general composition. Let him who can employ puns to enliven innocent conversation; but let every writer ponder the opinion of a writer in the *Guardian*, who says: "I look upon premeditated quibbles and puns com-

mitted to the press as unpardonable crimes. There is as much difference between these and the starts in common discourse as between casual rencounters and murder with malice prepense!"

Humor is allied to wit. There can be no humor where there is no wit; nevertheless, there *may* be wit without humor. Wit is a brilliant flash from the intellect; humor is an exudation from the intellect passing into speech through the emotions. Wit is a nugget; humor a vein. Wit is momentary; humor, continuous. Wit calls forth a passing burst of laughter; humor, a flow of gentle mirthfulness. He who has read the "Spectator," especially the papers on "Sir Roger de Coverley," the "Essays of Elia," by Charles Lamb, Sir Walter Scott's "Antiquary," Sterne's "Uncle Toby," and Dickens's "Pickwick," has enjoyed the effects of humor, if he has not learned to define it. Like wit, humor is a gift of nature not to be despised, but used, under due restraint, to promote cheerfulness and kindly feeling among one's friends.

We say, *under due restraint*. Wit may degenerate into malignant sarcasm, and be employed in the interests of evil. In that case the possessor becomes an enemy of his species. Both wit and humor may be indulged to excess. One may make mirthfulness a chief end of life, which would be an abuse of a natural gift designed to brace the wearied mind and cheer the drooping spirits amidst the toil and trouble of life. Solomon says, "God giveth to a man that is good in his sight wisdom, knowledge, and joy,"—three things which are implied in genuine wit and its effects when lawfully used. But the good man will bridle it with the precept of the apostle: "Only let your conversation be as it becometh the Gospel of Christ."

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

THE TEMPTATION OF CHRIST.

THE initial chapter of our Lord's public life begins with his baptism, and includes his forty days' temptation and his subsequent return to Galilee. Keeping in mind the views before presented, respecting Christ's first conscious apprehension of his own character and destination, at his baptism, we shall be the better prepared to appreciate the impelling motives and the design of that next act in the great drama of his life. Of the purport and relations of Christ's baptism by John and its implications, nothing need now be said further than to recognize it as one of the steps by which he passed out of his early-life seclusion into his official calling as the head of the new religious departure. At his coming to John he was at once recognized by the Baptizer, though it would appear that the two, although confessed relatives, had never before met,—the spirit of prophecy being given for that express purpose. John knew Jesus to be the promised One of Israel, though it may be doubted whether he either apprehended his proper Godhead, or understood the methods by which he would redeem Israel, or "take away the sin of the world." The language of inspiration often very far exceeds the understandings of those who utter it; and while we must accept of John's use of the designation, "Lamb of God," as an inspired statement of the doctrine of atonement and of redemption by sacrifice, it is not necessary for us to suppose that all these things were formulated in his mind. Jesus came to John as to a prophet of the older dispensation, and presented himself as a subject and a learner, as a disciple, in fact, as to the rite of baptism. And precisely at this point the old dispensation, of which John was the brightest light and the culminating glory, and the new, of which Jesus was to be the prophet and high-priest, came into immediate contact. John had proclaimed "the kingdom of God at

hand;" Jesus was about to announce that that kingdom had already come.

At or immediately after the act of baptism a remarkable revelation, a heavenly *epiphany*, occurred, which was observed by both the Baptizer and the Baptized. "The heavens were opened unto him [Jesus], and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove and lighting upon him: and, lo, a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." It is quite evident from this account that these things were, as to Christ, both objective and phenomenal. John's account of the affair is to much the same effect: "I saw the Spirit descending from heaven like a dove, and it abode upon him. And I knew him not [had not known him]; but he that sent me to baptize, the same said unto me, Upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending and remaining, the same is he which baptizeth with the Holy Ghost. And I saw and bare record that this is the Son of God." It does not appear, however, that any others than these two witnessed these wonderful and sublime phenomena, and it is not a violent presumption to suppose that their perception of them was not at all by their physical senses. The prophetic vision is wholly another than that by means of the outward organs. In the normal physical state the inner vision of the soul is shut up; in the prophetic state this order is reversed, and the seer becomes, like the prophet of Moab, as "the man whose eyes are open." The knowledge thus communicated sufficed for the present requirements of the case, both as to its extent and the number of persons to whom it was given. Jesus came to know himself as the divine Messiah, and John was made the witness of his anointing and proclamation. Jesus came from his baptism in a widely changed condition from that in which he had come to it. No doubt the divinity within him had largely affected his human

character and actions during all the preceding years of his conscious life: but so far as we know there had hitherto been no actual contact of the divine with the human consciousness. Now that had actually occurred, and the young Galilean artisan knew himself to be the Son of God and the anointed Redeemer. The revelation must have been to him truly astounding; and though he was not overwhelmed by it, yet evidently it lay heavy upon his soul, and so called for quiet meditation and long-time communions with God. And accordingly, under the guidance of the indwelling Spirit, he retired to the solitudes of the "hill country of Judea," for prayer and meditation and waiting for further instruction in respect to his great Messianic mission.

It is said that during his forty days' sojourn in "the wilderness," where he was "tempted of the devil," he ate nothing, but *afterwards* he was "an-hungered." Though the use of language in the New Testament would not make it inevitably certain that the fast of these forty days was absolutely unbroken, yet there is no strong reason to doubt that it was so. The whole case was evidently quite abnormal, and, as in the cases of Moses and Elijah in somewhat similar circumstances, the usual course of things in his physical organism was suspended; for it was not till "afterwards" that he felt the demands of hunger. He was there for meditation and prayer: he was growing up to the level of his new situation, and both his heart and his understanding were becoming adapted to the demands of the case. Such a state of indeterminateness is that in which temptation finds its opportunity, and, taking advantage of this, "the devil" plied all his arts to lead him astray.

Temptation by the devil, in its simplest and direct form, implies the action of one spiritual nature upon another without any outward or sensible media. This is recognized as a mode of spiritual influence in all the affairs of life. The divine Spirit works in the hearts of the good and obedient to incite in them good desires and to impel to virtuous actions; and, on the other hand, as in the case of Judas and of Ananias, Satan may "fill the heart" with impulses to sin against God. In depraved and corrupted hearts he stirs up the latent inclinations to evil, for such are tempted when they "are drawn away by their own lusts and

enticed." But this can not occur in the cases of pure and unfallen ones. Their liability to go astray arises from incompleteness of knowledge, and from impulses not yet fully disciplined to right actions, and, above all, from the possibility of subordinating the greater to the lesser good. This was the form of the temptation that resulted in the first sin in man; and evidently it was the form in which our Lord's temptation met him. It was very right that he should eat, being hungry; but not that the divine power that dwelt in him should be used simply to provide for his natural wants. It is right to trust one's self to the divine watch-care, but not by presumptuously incurring danger. It was his great mission to conquer for himself "the kingdoms of this world," but not by the use of worldly—that is, unholy—means. His liability to err was in the choice of means, and in the relative appreciation of the things set before him; and since "to err is human,"—and that is so because all men are of limited knowledge, and at the beginning are not yet habituated to choose the right at all times and in all conditions,—even our Lord Christ, who was human (as well as divine), was tempted to wrong course of action, being "tempted in all points as we are."

In view of these things, the much mooted question of our Lord's peccability and the reality of his temptations, ceases to be a question. If he was human he was of course potentially liable to sin; and that is not temptation which would attempt to call one to recognized impossibilities. And since the temptations assailed the human side of his character, which was finite in knowledge and as yet incomplete in fixedness of moral righteousness, there was a natural possibility that he should yield to them; and when their evil character was detected by him he found it necessary to resist them, as tending to lead him astray. But above all these merely human contingencies, with their doubts and fears and conflicts, the divine prescience, seeing the end from the beginning, contemplated his victory as assured, and reckoned as already realized the glorious results of his fidelity and the mighty achievements to be effected by him.

At the end of the forty days, during all of which, unquestionably, he had been "tempted of the devil," a change of the relative attitudes of the parties seems to be indicated,—“the

tempter came unto him." As he had been with him all along before, this must imply a still nearer approach or a more direct assault. Some would understand this to indicate a sensible appearance of Satan to our Lord, which, however, is not to be entertained for a moment; for how shall a spirit be seen by natural vision? The thought is simply absurd. Others would understand it to imply such a direct spiritual impression upon the tempted one that he became personally conscious of the presence, and recognized his suggestions as altogether objective. This, though not liable to the same objections, is still rather a violent supposition, and quite unnecessary in order to meet the requirements of the case. There is the further objection to it that it makes Christ's temptations altogether unique, and unlike those endured by others, which would greatly detract from their value. There can be no doubt that the assault was both direct and severe, but it need not be doubted that it was the same in kind with those he had before suffered, and with those endured by all other men. The impulses given by the devil were evidently inward as to their appearance, so that he who felt them became conscious of them first of all as rising up within himself. The point of contact of soul upon soul lies back of the range of consciousness, and the impulse, which may be altogether objective as to its source, will present itself to the soul's apprehension as of subjective origin. It is the part of true spiritual wisdom to detect the evil character of the suggestions of the enemy that arise in the soul, and of spiritual fortitude to withstand and overcome them. Such temptations are indeed free from sin, and they are quite harmless so long as they are faithfully resisted. They leave no stain upon the soul unless they are entertained,—when, indeed, they instantly diffuse their own evil nature over the whole spiritual being. Thus the one act of sin completes the fall of its subject; and, on the contrary, a completed victory in such a crucial trial secures the moral exaltation of its subject, and untold spiritual advantages to the faithful and obedient ones. Our Lord resisted, and so compelled Satan to depart from him.

If we consider the three specific temptations of Christ, it will readily appear that they all related directly to his Messianic character and mission. This probably was the fact in respect

to all his temptations during his forty days' sojourn in the wilderness. He had gone through all the temptations of private life during his abode in Galilee, and had preserved his integrity in them all; but his new conditions, and the tremendous truth of his high calling to rescue a ruined world and to fulfill all the work appointed to the Messiah, raised new thoughts, and called for new purposes and modes of action for the accomplishment of that work. These brought with them their momentary doubtings and perplexities,—perhaps their hesitations as to methods, though certainly not as to the simplicity and steadiness of his purpose to "fulfill all righteousness," to do only the will of the Father. In the three specified temptations their Messianic relations are clearly obvious, and their real nature can be properly appreciated only as they are so considered.

The first temptation found its impulse in a physical appetite,—a thing in itself entirely natural, and without any moral character whatever. Jesus's long abstinence, though probably not attended with any sense of hunger, had no doubt somewhat depleted the physical organism, and created a necessity for repletion. As with the hibernating animals that fast without hunger during the season of their repose, but afterwards experience the most pressing calls of hunger, so our Lord, having "for forty days eaten nothing," afterwards felt the strong calls of nature for its needed supply. Every one at all used to examine his own mental processes is aware of the almost irresistible influence of the appetites, when fully awakened, over the will, and their power to set all the faculties of the mind at work to find out means for their gratification. All this Jesus experienced through the appetite for food, now quickened to its highest intensity, first by long abstinence, and now by the return of his somewhat wasted physical system to its normal activities; and therefore the importunate inquiry was awakened in him, *How shall I obtain the needed food?* This was the tempter's opportunity. The consciousness of his own divinity became the occasion for a suggestion which, followed out, would lead to sin. At such a time the mind acts very rapidly, and complicated problems are passed through in a moment. In this case it may have been somewhat in this wise:

I am sorely pressed with hunger, and it is right that I should eat. But I have nothing. At other times God's servants have been supplied by divine power. Israel in the wilderness was fed with bread from heaven; and the ravens fed Elijah. May not I also in like manner be supplied? I have the power; for I am the Son of God. Then, why not command these stones to become bread? The suggestion was subtle, and well calculated to deceive. It was right that he should eat, and there was an emergency that seemed to call for exceptional action. Why should he not use his divine power for such a purpose? Just such devices have led not a few simple ones out of the way. Good men have been deceived by them, and the Church has a thousand times been betrayed by their subtlety.

It was, however, a suggestion that Jesus, now self-recognized as the Ruler of the universe, should employ the resources of his Godhead to satisfy his own hunger. It proposed that the Messiah should begin his work in the world by serving himself in the lowest demands of his nature. Or, if such a miracle was to operate in his great work, it was to teach the world that the kingdom of heaven should have an abundance of the good things of earth. Into this form of sin men are ever inclined to run,—until its indulgence has spread its curse over the whole Church, and, entering into its inner life, it has corrupted its ways, and produced the most fearful moral personal ruins.

Our Lord's answer was not only prompt, but earnest, and marked with a sense of the fearfulness of the temptation that it repelled. It recognized the purely spiritual nature of the kingdom he had come to set up, and the necessity of keeping it distinct from things simply natural. Of men's natural wants he was then and always cognizant; but these in nearly all cases he left to be provided for by natural means. True, he did afterwards provide by miracles for the hungry multitudes, but evidently this was done less to satisfy their natural hunger than to teach them great moral and religious truths. And though by his miracles he conferred great temporal blessings on many, his own wants were scarcely ever in any degree relieved by miracles. He could save others, himself he did not save.

The sin into which this temptation sought

to lead Christ is among those into which his professed disciples have been very often betrayed, and by which the most fearful damage has befallen his cause in the world. It was the sin of Simon Magus, who has left his name as the designation of the foul crime of making merchandise of the sacred things of religion. It is the sin of all those who ask to be put into the priest's office that they "may eat a piece of bread." It is the sin by which the Church has become endowed with the wealth and authority of this world, by which Churchmen have been enabled to live in luxury by virtue of their pretended power and authority over both the present world and the world to come. Our Lord detected the true spirit and intent of the temptation and the enormity of the suggested sin, and therefore he instantly and indignantly rejected it. In the same spirit in which he afterwards taught men to "take no thought, saying, What shall we eat, and what shall we drink, or wherewithal shall we be clothed? but seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," he now announces the eminently spiritual character of his Gospel, and the transcendent value of religious things as compared with temporal: "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." To provide the former was not the end proposed in the manifestation of the Son of God.

This temptation thus became the crucial point in the career of the Messiah. Yielding to it would have resulted in the secularizing of himself and his work; it would have been a fall like that of our first parents in Eden. On the other hand, his rejection of it, and his earnestly purposed devotion of himself and his Messianic office to purely religious ends, at whatever cost of present self-denials, raised his whole being to the plane of that high purpose, and so prepared him the more certainly to cast down and overcome the lusts of the flesh.

The second temptation (following Matthew's order, which seems the more natural) seems to have been a solicitation to thrust himself forward, the self-proclaimed Messiah, by a prodigy displayed in the sight of the people. He is in Jerusalem, and ascends to one of the elevated towers of the Temple, where he could overlook the crowds moving below him,—not

improbably it was at the time of a feast, when the Temple would be thronged with worshippers. To these he must be manifested in his divine character and as the appointed Redeemer of Israel. How should he begin that great work? The tempter suggests a miracle, a simple prodigy, to operate as a sign. To his thoughts the design framed itself most plausibly, and apparently quite innocently; Since I am the Son of God I may safely cast myself down; for have I not the promise, "He shall give his angels charge over thee, and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone?" and by so doing I shall convince all who witness the act, or to whom it shall be told, that indeed I am the Son of God, the long-expected Savior. Work this brilliant miracle in the sight of all the people, that they may see it, and recognize it as a sure sign of Messiahship. Precisely the same thing was afterwards required of him by the Jews when they said, "Show us a sign from heaven." And this too Jesus, because he saw its subtle wrong, rejects, as a solemn but profane trifling with God's promises and his own divine power. To trust God is always a duty whose excellence appears all the more clearly in proportion as the circumstances become trying; but to "tempt God"—to seek danger in order that God may deliver—is presumption and impiety. The awful power of the Godhead was not incarnated in human form to be played with, like the tricks of a magician; nor were men to be won to Christ's kingdom by the dazzling glory of merely natural wonders. He must, indeed, be manifested to Israel, but in a widely different way from this.

The same temptation has been repeated from age to age, and perpetually in the Church, from the beginning to the present time; and in the lack of real miracles fictitious ones have been substituted. Such was Constantine's pretended sign of the cross in the heavens, and Helena's discovery of the true cross in Jerusalem; and these were but the precursors of the innumerable "lying wonders," that make up so large a volume of the fabulous records of the Romish Church. Every-where in their carnality men are calling for "signs from heaven;" and too often their religious guides seem chiefly intent on responding to the demand. But to all such cravings a sufficient

answer is given in the few simple words, "The kingdom of God cometh not by observation."

The last temptation seems to have been even more direct, and much more comprehensive; and therefore more liable to become entangling and misleading than either of the former. It recognized Christ's true character and Messiahship, and it related to his method of prosecuting its work; and it contained on the part of the tempter a proposition to bring all the powers of this world—which is Satan's kingdom—to the aid of Christ in setting up his kingdom. Satan correctly assumed that "the kingdoms of this world" "and the glory of them" belonged to him, and that "to whomsoever I will I give it." It was as if the "prince of this world," seeing that he had met his destined conqueror, was willing to make terms in advance, and to accept a subordinate place, and to aid in bringing in King Messiah.

It is said, "The devil taketh him into a high mountain, and showed unto him all the kingdoms of this world in a moment of time." It is scarcely to be supposed that this is a record of a literal transaction. This is, indeed, impossible; for from no mountain, no matter how high, could all the world be seen, nor could even those within the range of vision be seen "in a moment of time." Without noticing any other theory, we may give what seems to be the most probable rendering of the affair. With his mind intent upon his great work, and his spirit lifted up in holy contemplation, he considered the whole world with a prophet's vision. The kingdoms of the world were held fast by the "prince of this world," from whom they were to be rescued. But how? By might? By device? By using worldly means, and "fighting the devil with fire?" All these forces were seen to be in the enemy's hands; but still they may be, at least in pretense, enlisted on the side of the Son of God. Shall he accept their services and put himself at the head of the forces of this world, and by dividing them bring them into subjection to himself and make them serve his cause?

It is an almost fearful thought to entertain, even for a moment, and yet it arises naturally at this point, that the Savior of the world, at the opening of his work, was brought to contemplate its achievement by the powers of this world. And pausing for the moment to view this thought as simply an idea, we associate

his name with the mighty men of earth's history, with the Alexanders and Caesars and Bonapartes, with the leaders of diplomacy, with the philosophers and statesmen who, using the world's agencies, have subjected human power and thought and wealth and honor to their own wills. And among these Jesus, the most exalted of the sons of men, must have come only as a conqueror, to whom the willing nations would gladly bring their offerings. The imagery of the seventy-second Psalm rises before the imagination as more than realized: "The kings of Tarshish and the isles shall bring presents; the kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts: yea, all kings shall fall down before him; all nations shall serve him." This was the vision that the tempter displayed to the quickened imagination of the tempted Messiah. Its realization was within his reach, and the subtle suggestion and impulse of the Adversary was that he should take it.

This was, indeed, Satan's boldest device,—perhaps the more perilous because of its boldness,—and it was especially deceptive through its subtleness. It might well commend itself to Jesus's high purpose, and it proposed a practicable way by which to reach the great end of his calling. The language of prophecy, carnally and outwardly applied, seemed to justify it, and it was eminently agreeable to the nation's expectation. The unconscious yearnings of every Jewish spirit was for just such a conquering Redeemer. He would have but to so proclaim himself, and every Israelite from Dan to Beersheba, and every member of the "twelve tribes scattered abroad," would have rushed to his standard, prepared to do or to die for him.

But he at once detected the earthliness of the whole thing. It was not after the Spirit of God; it was morally wrong and spiritually unholy. And seeing this, in the supreme crisis of his conflict he laid hold upon the right, and with the lofty authority of a self-determining will he devoted himself to its high requirements, at whatever cost. The world was, indeed,

to be conquered and rescued from the dominion of the adversary: but not by worldly agencies, not by compromises with its spirit, not by any such means as would leave the adversary still in possession of it. The way to that conquest, which doubtless then opened to his quickened spiritual perception, lay through labors and sacrifices, through shame and reproach, through insults and death; and, above all else, through those mysterious and forever inscrutable sufferings in which he was first himself made perfect, and afterwards suffered, the just for the unjust. He saw the two ways in their contrasts, and he freely chose the way of pain and humiliation; and in that choice was his perfect triumph, and upon it hung the destiny of our ruined world. Satan saw it and left him, never more to return in the garb of a seductive tempter. When again he came it was as an avowed enemy, to oppose his work, to seek its discomfiture by opposition, or to spoil it where it had begun.

By this decision and its resultant triumph he achieved for himself a great moral victory, and raised himself into a higher plane of spiritual life. And in this sacred elevation of soul "Jesus returned in the power of the Spirit into Galilee!" and, as it was natural, "there went out a fame of him throughout all the region."

Great moral crises, which occur at some time in the history of nearly every one, produce deep and lasting effects upon the characters of their subjects. Often they come suddenly, and are compressed into brief periods; but their results are usually finally determinative of both character and destiny. So Jesus had met his crucial tests, and had triumphed in the conflict; and Satan found no place in him, nor any other vulnerable point of attack. The Redeemer's work now lay plainly before him, and he at once gave himself to its execution. The world was to be conquered, the kingdom of God set up among men, and God glorified in the salvation of men; but "not by power, nor by might," but only by the Spirit of God.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

BULGARIA.—By the treaty of San Stefano, whose durability is still in doubt as we write, the new principality of Bulgaria will comprise more than one-half of European Turkey. The territory detached from the Ottoman empire as near as can be calculated, will measure about three thousand five hundred square leagues, a surface double that of Belgium and Holland put together. The new principality, however, will not be so thickly peopled; with all its additions it will scarcely number five millions of inhabitants, that is, about as many as Belgium. And yet the old provinces of Bulgaria and Roumelia were the most populous, fertile, and industrious that Turkey possessed, and we do not wonder that this establishment of a new principality is accounted a diamemberment of the Turkish power in Europe. What seems most curious in this proposed apportionment of territory is the extension of the Bulgarian frontier into Albania, the great majority of whose inhabitants do not belong to the Bulgarian nationality. The south-western highlands of the Illyrian peninsula are inhabited by the Albanians, who, like the Bosnians, may be divided into three groups, each professing a different religion; about nine hundred thousand of them are Mohammedans, five hundred thousand Greek Catholics, and one hundred thousand Roman Catholics. The rest of the population consist of one hundred thousand Servians and Bulgarians, five hundred thousand Greeks and Turks, fifteen thousand Gypsies and Wallachians, and two thousand Jews. The territory occupied by the Albanians extends over an area of about six thousand square miles. The people of the different religions are constantly at feud with each other, and the Roman Catholic Albanians, belonging chiefly to the clan of the Mirdites, form a semi-independent principality of their own, somewhat similar to that of Montenegro. The principality is under two rulers—the Abbot of Ozoher and Prince Prenk, a noble of the family of the Lechi. It was formerly under the protection of Spain, but the strongest influence now prevalent among the Mirdites is that of Italy. There is also a small republic in Albania, that of Ochrida,

comprising the lake of that name, and nominally under the rule of the Sultana Validé; besides several petty oligarchical governments scattered all over the country. The mountainous districts in the center are chiefly inhabited by Mohammedans; those in the south (Epirus) by members of the Greek Church, and those around Lake Scutari by Roman Catholics. The latter are completely isolated, while the Mohammedan Albanians stretch far into Old Servia, and those professing the Greek religion extend to the frontier of the kingdom of Greece. Before the Turkish conquest the Albanians were inclined to coalesce with the Slaves; but when the Moslems came, the Albanians, like the Greeks of these provinces, found the Turks more natural allies, and accepted their rule and their religion, and have ever since stood shoulder to shoulder with the Turks against the Bulgarians and the Slavonians generally. The Albanians are an extremely rude people, and are more addicted to robbery than to industry. The Servians and Roumanians will of course look with much distrust upon the aggrandizement of the Bulgarians, especially as they had each hoped to profit so much by the recent warrings as to hold themselves the leadership of the new South Slavic empire which they dreamed of seeing established. But Russia wisely divides Slavonic strength, and now that she is obliged to concede to Servia, Montenegro, and Roumania, adds to Bulgaria also, and thus prevents the growth of a rival of her own blood. It accords much better with her plan of a great Pan-Slavic nationality to have these outsiders as her beneficiaries rather than her co-ordinates.

THE NEW RULER FOR NEW BULGARIA.—The Prince of Battenberg, who has been selected by Russia as a fit candidate for the throne of the proposed Bulgarian principality, is the son of Prince Alexander of Hesse-Darmstadt, a brother of the Empress of Russia, and the Princess Julia, sister to the Polish Count Hanke who fought in the insurrection against Russia under the name of Boosak, in 1863-4, and was killed in the Franco-German

war, while holding a command in the French army. Of the young prince little is known except that he fought on the Russian side in the war with Turkey and greatly distinguished himself by his bravery. His father, however, has played a considerable part in recent military history. He was an Austrian general at the battle of Solferino, and gained the order of St. Theresa for his bravery in rallying a regiment which had fallen into disorder, and leading it, flag in hand, to the attack. He afterwards entered the Russian service, and was finally appointed to the command of the army of the German confederation in 1866. The Prince of Battenberg besides being related through his father to the Emperor of Russia, is also related to Queen Victoria through his cousin, Prince Louis of Hesse.

BELGIUM.—This little kingdom, with its limited territory of only 11,000 square miles, sandwiched in between those two powerful nations, the French and the German, and counting less than five million inhabitants all told, is yet so progressive and industrious that more than one Continental power would enjoy making a feast of it. But the Belgians are plucky, and do n't mean to speak an equivocal tongue in these doubtful times, and while the Germans are considering the propriety of annexation, prepares to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its independence. The committee for the organization of the fêtes to be given in 1880 in celebration of the anniversary is already out with its announcements. At Brussels the fêtes are to last a whole week, and are to be divided into the fêtes of the schools, the magistracy, the civic guards, the army, the working-men, the arts, agriculture, industry, and commerce. The nine provinces are to be represented in the historical procession each by a chariot, accompanied by the burgomasters and aldermen of each province. Each province is also to have its own fêtes, at which the king will be present in succession. It is intended to give to these fêtes as much solemnity and splendor as possible. And while writing of Belgium it may not be amiss to say here that the question of language has always been a most troublesome one to the different nationalities which really compose this little kingdom. According to official returns, 2,256,860 of the inhabitants of Belgium speak French,

2,650,890 Flemish, 38,070 German, 340,770 French and Flemish, 22,700 French and German, 1,790 Flemish and German, 5,490 French, Flemish, and German, and 2,070 are deaf and dumb. It has finally been proposed that every Belgian subject shall have the right of having all public business, correspondence, etc., done for him in the language which he understands. This measure will, it is expected, meet with a certain opposition from the Walloons, in placing them at a disadvantage with regard to public employment, the officials who are Walloons understanding generally only French, while the officials who are Flemings nearly all know both Flemish and French.

HIGHER EDUCATION IN SCOTLAND.—The high-schools of Scotland have hitherto failed to keep step with the Continental or even the English universities. The university of the Highlanders has longest maintained a popular character, in that it afforded those who sought higher educational training about half of the time for other employment, the college sessions lasting only from November to April, and in that it gave its advantages at an astonishingly small charge. The result has been to produce the phenomenon which Dr. Johnson exaggerated when he described Scotch education generally as a number of shallow puddles with no deep pool. The number of students has always been large, and to them a tolerably fair standard of general education has been afforded. The number, however, who have attained to ripe scholarship is small indeed. Their influence on the professions, by the maintenance every-where of a fair general average, was thoroughly healthy, but undoubtedly they exercised this influence at the cost of some of that excellence which belongs to the more recent ideal of a university as a seat of learning and research. There is now on foot a reform measure to put the Scotch universities in a line with other European high-schools. Graduation is no longer to be attained by passing an examination of moderate standard in classics, mathematics, logic, and natural philosophy; instead of this, after the first examination, to be taken early in the student's career, he is allowed, under the new scheme proposed, liberty to devote himself to a special subject for the rest of his university course, and to proceed to graduation thereby.

BRITISH COLONIES.—The English historian, Mr. James A. Froude, recently lectured in Birmingham, England, on "The Colonial Possessions of Great Britain." His position is that the colonists as well as the people of England are equally in earnest in the desire that the empire be kept together. While the politicians are busy with Continental affairs, the English nation, Mr. Froude asserts, is busy in building up America, the Indian empire, and colonial commerce. English enterprise has built up an empire on which the sun never sets. These are the colonies of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa; we might add also the colonies of India. "The English," said this learned historical student, "would never lose these possessions if they recognized their own true position; but they would most certainly lose them if they persisted in occupying themselves with matters in which the colonies, at least, could never pretend to have any interest, but which could bring them only a possibility of harm without any possible good. From the first the misfortune has been that the ruling people of England have regarded the colonists as a sort of

'poor relations.' They are made to feel that we have no real care or concern for them, and that their interests and wishes are nothing to us when weighed against the imagined exigencies of European politics. He did not say that the English had no interest on the Continent; they could not shake off all their inherited traditions; but he held that their Continental interests were merely secondary; their first interests were in their own empire, and their first duties were to themselves. He considered of all the problems which their statesmen had before them, the one of real practical importance was the problem of how the colonies, which were so anxious to be attached, should be attached. As to foreign alliances, for his own part, the only alliance he really cared about would be an alliance with America. Whatever once might have been the importance of their connections with the Continent, they were cut off from the Continent by the channel. Science had enabled them to make their own shores impregnable, and they had as little to fear from Europe as America had, and as little to gain in mixing themselves up in Continental affairs."

. ART.

ENGLISH CATHEDRAL RESTORATION.

It is well known that the spirit of iconoclasm was wildly rampant in England at the beginning of the sixteenth century. The wise reform which had been attempted to clear the churches of what was offensive in decoration and misleading in teaching changed into a frantic revolution. The complete sacking of the churches was attempted, and men broke down all the carved work with axes and hammers, and almost made the beautiful temples, in which their fathers worshiped, a desolation and a ruin. The most exquisite frescoes were obliterated by coarse whitewash; the adornments of high altars were ruthlessly torn down or totally defaced, the beautiful capitals of the columns were ruined by a vandalism more heartless than was practiced by the northern barbarians. During the past thirty years the restoration of these English cathedrals has been a subject of frequent discussion by

the most eminent English architects and Churchmen. The result has been that Ely, Lincoln, Peterborough, and others in the eastern portion, and now, some in the west and south-west have undergone important repairs and restorations. Among the most beautiful and elegant of England's many ecclesiastical edifices, Exeter Cathedral takes a foremost rank. Founded in the early part of the twelfth century, its history is intensely interesting. Its rich internal adornings shared the very common fate of other cathedrals, and not until within the past ten years had much been done to revive the beauties for which it was early celebrated. To undertake this work of restoration involves a very grave responsibility. But it is generally conceded that it has been accomplished in this case with exceptional thoroughness and good taste. The expenditures have already reached the handsome sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dol-

lars, and much yet remains to be done. On the occasion of its recent reopening, the Bishop of Winchester delivered the sermon, which was rich in thought and most happy in the recognition of the intimate connection between religion and the national prosperity and honor. "Through Christendom a nation's churches are tokens and monuments of a nation's faith, and no nation had such churches as England. One who had visited churches throughout Europe, and knew more of the churches of England and of Europe than any other man of this country, used to say that England had a greater number of noble parish churches than all the rest of Europe together. This surely speaks the faith of our fathers. This, surely, is a monument of the nation's life. Indeed, their decay was once a witness against us; yet (may we not hope?) their restoration testifies that life is not extinct among us; that with all the struggles, changes, rises, and falls, of our religious history, still the life of God is in the Church, and still the Church's life is in the land. I do not know if we can say of all our cathedrals what Sir Stephen Glynne said of our village churches. Our village churches are indeed unrivaled; but our cathedral churches, too, will well bear comparison with the grandest in Europe. Considering, indeed, the small area of England, and until this century its small population, we may say that our cathedrals are proportionately nobler and more numerous than those of any single nation in the world. And a cathedral is a greater historical monument of the piety and the liberality and the civilization and the art-skill of a nation. And you have one of the loveliest here. It may not have all the grandeur of size, of height and length, which belongs to Westminster and Lincoln and Ely and Winchester and York and Canterbury; but the chaste richness of its detail, its vaulted roof, its clustered columns, its mullioned windows, are, perhaps, unrivaled in Christendom. Every hour you gaze on it it becomes more beautiful beneath your gaze. Only those who have worshipped in it, week after week, and year after year, can know how the sacred stillness of its aisles, the arched glories of its roof, the light of heaven streaming through its storied windows, and then the voice of praise echoing through its arches, can aid reverence, and can warm the devotion of a soul seeking its Savior

and struggling upwards to its Father. Such buildings are indeed the utterance of a people's inner life; and they are its help, as they are its voice."

AMERICAN ART AT THE FRENCH EXPOSITION.

THE approaching French exhibition has awakened much inquiry on the part of the American artists as to the manner in which their contributions are to be represented. As yet no Commissioner of Art has been provided by law. The suggestion has come from some parties (certainly incompetent to judge), that our artists intrust their works to a mere picture seller who would have an interest to hang them in most advantageous positions, call public attention to their merits, and do the general work of a careful overseer and skillful advertising salesman. This whole plan has been justly condemned as unworthy of an interest so important to all concerned. It is most shabby in its very outline features. Plainly some sort of dignity must be given to the department of American art, and some representative man must have the rank and authority of a Commissioner, else our artists will do well to remain at home with their works. The great mass of our people seem to look upon these International Exhibitions as grand advertising agencies where the wares of manufacturers and tradesmen are to be displayed and hawked to the collected world. There is the narrowest and most selfish business views; the material, immediate, and visible advantage to the exhibitor exhausts the question. Doubtless this is a very large element of advantage; but the more subtle and abiding advantages, far excel these, which are merely tangible. One great evil of this lack of a special Commissioner of Art is, that the very department which needs most aid is left absolutely without inciting stimulus. Certain industries and interests will take care of themselves, and push for recognition. But the more retiring spirit of American art needs encouragement. Every possible opportunity for fair, pleasant, and profitable comparison should be afforded, and an artist like Professor Weir, who acted so intelligently and usefully in our own International Exhibition, should have the full dignity, authority, and freedom of a special Art Commissioner in the

French Exhibition. By placing some such careful and observant gentlemen over this department, America might hope to reap the permanent benefits which come from careful comparative studies, and by summing these results in an intelligent and comprehensive report, our artists might receive from the French Exhibition lasting benefit.

"TALKS ON ART."

This little work of seventy-five pages, by the artist and teacher, Wm. M. Hunt, "jotted down on backs of canvases and scraps of paper, without knowledge of short-hand," by an admiring pupil, Helen M. Knowlton, has been variously noticed by critics on both sides the Atlantic. By some it has been lauded most intemperately, by others almost ridiculed. There seems on the part of both these extreme critics a misapprehension of its method and of its purpose. Its publication has undoubtedly been sanctioned by Mr. Hunt himself; yet, as a common sense man he believes that men of like stamp would properly consider its origin, and judge it accordingly. But it seems that Mr. Hunt is an illustration of his own principle, "This doing things to suit people! They'll hate you, and you won't suit them. Most of us live for the critic, and *he lives on us*. . . . If the birds should read the newspapers they would all take to changing their notes." But these free and unguarded utterances of a sympathetic teacher, who has had the best opportunities for study contain many a nugget of choicest truth, all the more taking, and all the more valuable, from their perfect naturalness, and the entire absence of rhetorical alloy. Mr. Hunt's tastes and sympathies are more specially in the direction of the French school of art. His nine years' residence in Paris, in the intimate friendship of some of the best artists of that peculiarly art capital, explain his preferences and the peculiar tone of some of his expressions. It was a most happy thought to catch these utterances as they fell fresh from the lips of an enthusiastic and inspiring teacher. It is probable that such a book could be made out of the daily conversations and running comments of earnest teachers in many departments of instruction. Mr. Hunt has been fortunate in having a pupil so keenly appreciative of these valuable hints as to commit them to writing.

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For the practical artist these comments and criticisms are most valuable, since they come from one who properly measures the difficulties to be encountered and mastered before success is achieved, and one, too, who so well knows how poorly formative art shadows forth the ideal beauty which so often entrances the artist's soul. Too much art-criticism is mechanical in nature; it is cold, hard, and unsympathetic. It has uncompromisingly joined itself to a theory, and logically pushes to conclusions, little caring for the crushed feelings and the chilled hopes of the struggling aspirant for public favor. Any one who has compared the profound, scholarly, yet coldly mechanical lectures of a Curtius on Greek art, with those of the warm, genial, sympathetic Friedrichs, whose soul was keenly sensitive to the more subtle beauties of nature and art, must have noticed the world-wide differences of these critics in the treatment of their themes. Warmth is as necessary to life as light. When these unite, conditions are favorable to development. This may be one reason why the young artists at Rome get so much inspiration in each other's society over their roll and glass of goat's milk at the café Grecho. There are the sympathy and the kindly suggestion that come from men of like pursuits, and who are well aware of the difficulties of their calling. There is much in this little book that is fresh and suggestive, much that is encouraging, much that arrests and fixes attention to important principles. We are tempted to give a few words so well put by Mr. Hunt, "A painter is necessarily a poet; but a poet is not a painter." "They forget the song that painting has sung, and listen only to Homer. A Greek professor who does n't know what Greek art is, is n't a Greek scholar." Self-taught men do not rank very high in Mr. Hunt's estimation. "No body ever did well without learning from those who had opportunity to know what was good and great. Michael Angelo, Titian, Raphael, were they self-taught? . . . You must take for granted the experience of people who have *had* experience, and who knew what they were about. . . . Ah! these great men! Their life was one prayer! They did nothing but their work; cared only for what they were doing, and how little the world knows of them. . . . No one ever did a good thing without thought, without respect. I believe in laying

out just so much earnestness. What if Michael Angelo had done his work in the Sistine Chapel easily? . . . An artist, calling one day upon Grisi, found her upon a sofa, weary and forlorn. He expressed his surprise at her appearance, declaring that she was the one mortal whom he had envied, such was her strength, buoyancy, and joyousness. He had not thought that she could find life a burden. 'Ah!' said she, 'I save myself all day for that one bound upon the stage. Not for worlds would I leave this sofa, which I must keep all day that I may be ready for my work at night.' She sacrificed every thing in life for that." The experiences of Mr. Hunt as revealed in the following passage have been felt by others than himself, and in other departments than portrait painting: "I am always hoping to be able to paint a portrait in one day. There's my sketch—my impression of the boy as he came for the first time into the studio. With a few lines I represented my idea of his figure, manner. My impression, I say, not yours; not the impression of any body else. No one

else would have sketched him in just that way. Now don't think that when I say I want to paint him in one day that I count it only one day's work. For weeks I have considered it, have prepared different grounds—four, certainly; have experimented on similar grounds to know which will be the best. I've thought of it day and night; awaking at three o'clock in the morning with the thought of whether I can get him vigorous enough against a certain background. So I keep this picture in mind until I feel that I can strike the right color here, there; I can make this dark enough, that light enough. Then, when the time comes, I must be ready to paint; and I tell you it's no joke to paint a portrait. I wonder that I am not more timid when I begin. I feel almost certain that I can do it. It seems very simple, I don't think of the time that is sure to come, when I almost despair; when the whole thing seems hopeless. Into the painting of every picture that is worth any thing, there comes, sometimes, this period of despair."

NATURE.

COLD AND HEALTH.—There is no greater fallacy than the opinion held by many, particularly the young and strong and vigorous, that Winter, especially a sharp, frosty one, with plenty of snow, is the most healthy season of the year. Very few persons seem to recognize the fact that cold is the condition of death, and that, in both warm and cold climates, it is our unconscious effort to maintain our bodily heat at a temperature of ninety-eight degrees that wears us out. To this temperature, called "blood heat," every cubic inch of oxygen that serves to vitalize our blood must be raised, or life ceases. Since in cold weather the maintenance of a sufficiently elevated bodily temperature becomes very often a difficulty too great for our strength, the advent of a severe Winter is really more to be dreaded than a pestilence. The saying, "Heat is life—cold is death," has a striking illustration and confirmation in the regularly submitted reports of Dr. Russell to the Glasgow Sanitary Committee. The death rate rises

and falls with the regularity of the thermometer. So many degrees less heat so many more deaths, and *vice versa*.

In our climate it would probably be difficult to find a more frequent cause of serious ailments than taking cold. Whatever weak place we have, whatever constitutional disorder we are subject to, cold will surely discover. We take cold because our vitality is too low to ward off the effects of the reduced temperature around us. As a matter of the first importance, then, to resist cold and the various derangements of the system consequent, it is necessary by proper nutrition to maintain our natural animal heat; second, to retain this heat by a sufficient quantity of clothing; third, to regulate with care the temperature of the air we breathe.

EFFECT OF MOISTURE IN THE AIR.—Mr. Robert Briggs, of Philadelphia, recently published an exceedingly able and instructive paper on the relations of moisture in the air

to the problems of heating and ventilation. Starting from the well-known fact that in cold weather it is necessary for comfort to heat the air in occupied rooms, in the United States, at least ten degrees higher than would be required in England, he shows that this is due to the absence of moisture in this country. In the same paper reference is made to the fact that in rooms heated by warm, dry air the sensations of discomfort which many persons experience, such as headache, etc., may be relieved by the addition of a small quantity of moisture to the air; for instance, about five per cent. At first this would seem to prove that the unpleasant sensations were due to the absence of moisture; but nearly the same amount of vaporization is desirable in air heated to any temperature, and therefore varying greatly in the absolute percentage of moisture which it contains. Moreover, in very dry and warm climates, such as that of Arizona, these uneasy sensations are not present. It seems probable that with the majority of persons these sensations are due to insufficient supply of fresh air rather than to want of moisture, and that the effects of vaporization in relieving them may, in part, be explained as follows:

In a room heated by hot air from a furnace, or steam radiators, all the fresh air for the room usually passes over the heated surfaces, and enters at an average temperature of one hundred and eighty degrees Fahrenheit. If the quantity of fresh air required for satisfactory ventilation, say one cubic foot a second per person, be admitted at this temperature, the room soon becomes unendurably hot; and to prevent this the amount of incoming air is diminished by partially or entirely closing the register. If in front of the register be suspended a porous vessel containing water, or damp cloths, or a large wet sponge, rapid vaporization is the result, and a large amount of heat is expended to effect this. The result is that the incoming air is cooled, and a much larger quantity can be admitted without discomfort.

CARE OF THE YOUNG OF THE AMPHIBIA.—

The amphibia have long been celebrated for the various and remarkable methods adopted for the preservation of the young during the earlier portion of their existence. The male

of a European frog, *Alytes*, for instance, winds the strings of eggs, as soon as they are laid, round his thighs, and there keeps them until they are hatched. In the Surinam toad, *Pipa*, a still more curious method is adopted. At the breeding season the skin of the female's back becomes thick and soft, and, when the eggs are laid, the male presses them one by one into this soft skin, which closes over them and forms for each a small and thoroughly safe brood-pouch. In this pouch the whole process of metamorphosis is undergone, and from thence the young animals emerge perfect toads.

But the most remarkable instance of the kind is that which has been recently found, by a Spanish naturalist, to exist in the little Chilian toad, *Rhinoderma Darwini*. In the edible frog of the Continent of Europe the male is distinguished from the female by the presence of a pair of vocal sacs,—bladder-like structures situated one at each angle of the mouth, with the cavity of which they communicate by a small aperture. When the frog croaks he distends these sacs with air, and thereby greatly increases the loudness of his voice. In the male *Rhinoderma* vocal sacs are also present, and there can be little doubt that their original function was purely vocal. But an additional function is assigned to this species; they form a pair of brood-pouches, in which the newly laid eggs are kept, not only until they are hatched, but until the young are old enough to take care of themselves.

THE ANCIENT OUTLET OF GREAT SALT LAKE.—Great Salt Lake has no outlet, and its fluctuating level is determined by the balance between inflowing streams and solar evaporation. On the surrounding mountains there are water-lines rising in steps to a thousand feet above its surface, showing that in ancient times a great body of water occupied its basin.

This ancient body, known as Lake Bonneville, was three hundred and forty-five miles long from north to south, and one hundred and thirty-five miles broad, and its vestiges are on so grand a scale that they have attracted the attention of every observant traveler. It naturally occurred to many persons to inquire whether the lake waters did not in their flood stage find an outlet, and several theories have

been advanced in regard to it; but previous to 1876 the outlet was not discovered, or if discovered its position was not announced. In the Summer of that year G. K. Gilbert, of the Government Survey, left Ogden for the purpose of seeking the outlet at the north; and in a few days he had the pleasure of finding it in Idaho, at the north end of the Cache Valley, the locality being known as Red Rock Pass. To prove the outlet, it was necessary to find a point where the Bonneville shore line was interrupted by a pass of which the floor was lower than the shore line, and which led to a valley not marked by a continuation of the shore line. The conditions are filled at Red Rock Pass, and, in addition, there is a continuous descent from the pass to the Pacific Ocean. All about Cache Valley the Bonneville shore line has been traced, and it is well marked within half a mile of the pass. The floor of the pass at the divide is three hundred and forty feet below the level of the shore line, and its form is that of a river channel. The gentle alluvial slopes from the mountains at the east and west, which appear once to have united at the pass, are divided for several miles by a steep-sided, flat-bottomed, trench-like passage, a thousand feet broad, and descending northward from the divide. At the divide Marsh Creek enters the old channel from the east, and, turning northward, runs through Marsh Valley to the Portneuf River, a tributary to the Columbia. In Marsh Valley the eye seeks in vain for the familiar shore lines of the Salt Lake Basin, and the conclusion is irresistible that here the ancient lake outflowed.

AMIANTHUS.—Amianthus, or flexible asbestos, is beginning to attract a good deal of attention in Europe. It is found in Italy, the Alps, and the Valley of Aosta. It is a composite of silicate of magnesia, and is incombustible. The ancients understood how to weave the substance and make lamp-wicks from it, and winding-sheets for the dead; and when the corpse was placed on the pyre the ashes were found inside. Napoleon the First had two shirts made from the material, which were bleached by fire. Lamp-wicks made of amianthus came much into vogue under the Restoration. An exhibition has just been opened in the Palace Simonetti, in Rome, in

which the Marquis de Bairera shows that we have attained the skill of the ancients in the manufacture of the material. The Marquis is working thirty or forty beds of asbestos, and has effected several improvements in its manufacture. He shows it worked into thread and cloth, writing and printing papers, colored and board papers. Writing paper can be made from it at the relatively low price of four francs per kilogramme. This paper is manufactured at Tivoli, and is especially adapted for documents, etc. Two inventors have discovered a large mine in the Pyrenees, and are about to use the out-put for a variety of purposes and on a large scale.

ARTIFICIAL RUBIES.—It is always of interest to learn how the worker of the laboratory is able to imitate in some measure the productions of nature. But the subject has a far wider interest when the artificial products happen to be imitations of our most valued gems. MM. Freymy and Feil have lately succeeded in producing artificial rubies; and by "artificial" it is not meant a mere counterfeit of the stone in paste, but an artificial substance agreeing both in chemical and physical characters with the natural gem. Of all precious stones, the true Oriental ruby is the most valuable. A stone of only moderate size will command ten times the value of a diamond of equal weight. And yet the ruby is nothing more than a transparent red variety of corundum, a mineral which in its impurest forms is known to every one as emery—an article of daily use in almost every shop. Chemically it consists solely of alumina, the oxide of that light silvery metal, aluminium, which in the form of a silicate enters so largely into the composition of all ordinary clays. The value of the ruby lies, of course, in the peculiar beauty of its color, its extreme hardness, and its excessive rarity. Some of this colored alumina, obtained by these chemists, seems to be fine enough for the purposes of the jeweler, and, in fact, is said to differ in no wise from the natural ruby. The ruby is so hard as to scratch topaz; the artificial product is equally hard, and some lapidaries declare that it excels the true gem in hardness. The ruby crystallizes in the hexagonal shape; so does this chemically prepared alumina. The natural ruby loses color when heated, and regains it

when cooled; the artificial ruby behaves in like manner when similarly treated. In short, the description which has been communicated to the French Academy shows that little or no difference can be detected between the gem and its imitation.

UTILIZING NETTLE.—At a village near the well-known watering-place, Langenschwalback, some interesting experiments have been recently made with the common nettle, *Urtica dioica*. They consisted in working this weed in the same manner as hemp; the fibers obtained were fine as silk, while they were equal to the hemp fiber in regard to durability. A considerable area has now been planted with nettles at the locality named.

SNAKE POISON.—Every now and then the public is horrified by accounts of the famines which periodically carry off such myriads of people in India, but comparatively few have the least idea of the enormous destruction of human life which occurs there from the ravages of wild animals and venomous snakes. Sir Joseph Fayrer estimates the loss of life at no less than twenty thousand human beings and fifty thousand head of cattle annually. Wild animals destroy most of the cattle, but venomous snakes kill more human beings than all the wild animals put together. The bites of these reptiles caused the death of seventeen thousand persons, and over three thousand cattle, in the year 1875, and these figures very probably understate the facts.

RELIGIOUS.

A SHAKER FUNERAL.—A correspondent of the *Chatham Courier* writes to that paper as follows: "Having just returned from the funeral services of Edward Fowler, widely known as the principal trustee of the 'Church family' at Mount Lebanon, it occurred to your correspondent that perhaps the readers of the *Courier* might be interested in a brief account of the services. The public funeral of a Shaker is of rare occurrence, that of Richard Bushnell being the only precedent for many years. In consequence, a large number assembled at the appointed time, some from curiosity, and very many from a sincere desire to pay this last tribute of respect to the deceased. It was remarked that the floor of the church had never been so well filled—many coming from Pittsfield, Canaan, and adjoining towns. There were a goodly number of the 'elect' upon the floor, among them several little girls and boys, who seemed to be in a transition state, not having as yet doffed all the insignia of a worldly state, and donned the garb of the 'believers.' The members of the community were arranged as at their service of worship, men and women facing each other, and the 'ministry' seated in an open space between. The exercises consisted of a few words of welcome to the 'world's people,' followed by testimonials to the worth of the departed brother,

from several of the brothers and sisters. The deceased was seventy-eight years of age, and had been in the society for sixty-six years, succeeding Jonathan Wood in the important office of trust which he held for so many years. By some he was spoken of as 'father,' and several eulogistic poems, read by the sisters, were most excellent, not only as literary productions, but also feelingly and suitably expressed their loss. Among those who spoke at some length were Elder Frederick, Eldress Antoinette, and Calvin Reed. Elder Evans spoke of the lost brother as a 'peace-maker,' as having entirely conquered personal selfishness, and being industriously zealous for the good of all, and ready at last to render an account of his stewardship. He compared his life with that of Vanderbilt, and spoke in scathing terms of the Lords, Astors, and others. He took opportunity to advance some of his peculiar views regarding this world and the next, taking as a sort of basis these words from the Revelation: 'And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and heaven fled away, and there were no place for them.' He spoke of the great white throne as typical of their own chaste sect, expressing his disbelief in an eternal punishment, and hailed the 'new departure' of some of our noted divines as taking away

the key-stone from an arch of old dogmas which would soon come tottering to the ground. He hailed this as the dawn of a new era, and looked for great steps toward the millennium in the immediate future. He strongly advocated woman's right to vote, and spoke of the Quaker sect as exemplifying his ideas of a right life. He wished it to be understood that he spoke from a personal view of the matter, and not as the exponent of his people, and said that prophets were always in advance of their generation. The singing was very excellent. The recent introduction of 'part singing' has wrought a change in their music, and their really good voices blend in very pleasing harmony. An opportunity was given for viewing the remains, which lay in the anteroom, inclosed in an unpainted coffin of pine wood, partially covered with white cloth. The robe of the dead was also spotless white."

FRENCH PROTESTANT HOME MISSION.—The "Inner Missions" of the Protestant Churches of Germany have been one of the most effective agencies of our times in checking the spread of the chilling effect of modern Rationalism. In France the Reformed Church, which, since it has enjoyed some security, that is, since the beginning of this century, has carried on a number of charitable and evangelistic works and maintains one of the best agencies for the spread of Protestantism in the "Société Centrale." It is connected only with the Reformed Church, and is supported by it solely. It has been especially serviceable in the reconstruction of Protestantism in every place where persecution has destroyed it in France. In the accomplishment of this object it seeks out by means of its agents scattered Protestants, without public worship and without schools. It collects them together and sends them a pastor and a schoolmaster; it builds them a church; in a word, out of these scattered elements it forms a Church, and when this Church is founded, it obtains its recognition by the State, which, from that time, is bound by law to support its pastor. Since its foundation, in 1846, the Société Centrale has caused the recognition of thirty Churches. It has built thirty-eight places of worship, and supports forty-eight schools. It also possesses at Batignolles (Paris) a preparatory school of theology, where young men in poor circumstances, having a call to

the holy ministry, may carry on almost gratuitously the preliminary studies which enable them to go afterwards to the Faculty of Theology. The Société Centrale, it should be mentioned, has for its doctrinal basis the following simple five articles: (1) The misery of man by nature, his state of sin, and his inability to save himself from this state. (2) His redemption by the blood of Jesus Christ, Son of God, and truly God. (3) His regeneration and his sanctification by the Holy Spirit. (4) Salvation offered by the divine favor to every member of the human family, and assured to whoever embraces its faith. (5) The necessity of good works as the consequence of faith, and not as merits before God.

ST. SOPHIA'S CATHEDRAL.—The Cathedral of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, the restoration of which to the orthodox Church has been suggested, was built by the Emperor Justinian in the year A. D. 568 on the site of another church which had been erected by Constantine the Great in 325 but afterwards destroyed by fire. The architects of the present building were Anthemius of Tralles, and Isidore of Miletus. New taxes were imposed in order to raise the funds necessary for the construction of the edifice, which was to be built of such costly materials as to surpass in magnificence the famous temple of Solomon. Every kind of marble that could be found was procured for the columns—white marble with pink veins from Phrygia, green and blue marble from Libya, black marble with white veins and white with black veins, granite from Egypt, and porphyry from Sais. Ten thousand men were employed on the work, and it was completed in eight years. The edifice was crowned with a gigantic cupola, surrounded by nine smaller ones. These are supported by four columns each, and between them are eight porphyry columns from the Temple of the Sun, at Baalbec. Four green pilasters from the Temple of Ephesus support the women's choir, and there are sixty-seven other columns, all of granite or red marble, and delicately carved, in various parts of the building. Inside the great cupola is a gold inscription from the Koran, in letters thirty feet high, meaning "God is the light of heaven and earth." At the four corners of the center of the building are representations of the four seraphim in

mosaic, originally called archangels, but now named Abubekr, Omar, Osman, and Ali. The original sites of the altar and pulpit have been altered, being now placed in a southeasterly direction, toward Mecca; and the pulpit is adorned with two flags, as a sign of the triumph of Mohammedanism over Judaism and Christianity. Nothing now remains of the original altar, as all the more valuable articles in the church were distributed by Sultan Mahomed among his troops at the capture of Constantinople in 1453.

THE LATE PROFESSOR LANE.—England has recently lost its most accomplished Arabic scholar. Professor Edward William Lane was an author whose works may fairly be reckoned among the wonders of this age. He is best known in our country as the author of "The Modern Egyptians," which was brought out many years ago by the Harpers, and has had a wide circulation in America. In great Britain the popularity of the work has been unbounded. Over seventy thousand copies of it have been sold since its appearance (in 1836) in England alone. The French savant Fresnel, the best living authority on Orientalism, on receipt of a copy from Lane, wrote to him, "I am deeply indebted to you for making me acquainted with so many things of which I should have remained eternally ignorant but for your *The-saurus*." And the Prussian government repeatedly offered Lane a chair in the Berlin University—an honor not often paid to Englishmen by the Germans. It is to be deeply regretted that he was taken away before he had time to complete his great *opus*, an Arabic-English Lexicon, which he began in 1842, and on which he labored to the last hours of his life. But though left incomplete by him it is in such a state of forwardness as to insure its continuation, by some competent hand, and its early publication. The Rev. George Percy Badger, author of the best work on the Nestorians, the Syriac scholar of Great Britain, and not a tyro in Arabic, pronounces Lane's "among the greatest, if not the greatest, of the literary works of this or any other age." Lane spent his last days at the little English maritime town of Worthing, noted for its mild and salubrious climate, and as a Summer resort, being in the immediate vicinity of Brighton.

MISSIONS.—In Japan the Dutch Reformed, the American Presbyterian, and the Scottish United Presbyterian missionaries have organized the Presbytery, or Chiu Kwai, of the United Church of Christ in Japan. On the occasion three natives were ordained. The Chiu Kwai includes fourteen foreign missionaries, three native evangelists, and nine churches.

—New fields for missionary work, as well as of commercial enterprise, will be opened up in the regions explored by Henry M. Stanley. He has fully traced the course of the greatest river of the African continent, and the third largest in the world. He calls it the "Livingstone," and gives his reasons for substituting that designation for the "Congo," and other inappropriate names. From its source to Cape Padron, at its mouth, this magnificent stream is in length twenty-nine hundred miles. Mr. Stanley estimates at one thousand miles the "clear navigable spaces" of this river; and at twelve hundred miles the available waters of its affluents, both north and south. The worth of these discoveries to geographical science we can hardly overestimate. The naturally rich and fertile districts of the African interior are thus shown to be easily accessible to European enterprise, and a new and naturally constructed highway for the commerce of the world is revealed to view. The anticipations which were once indulged in with reference to the Niger are found to be amply fulfilled in this mightier channel, the headwaters of which Dr. Livingstone was the first to explore.

MISCELLANEA.—On the 27th of this month (June) the English Church Society for the Propagation of the Gospel will hold a *Conversazione* at the Westminster Palace Hotel to receive the American and other foreign bishops who shall have come to England as attendants of the Pan-Anglican Synod, which will meet the first week in July. On the 28th of June a missionary conference will be held at St. James' Hall, London, under the presidency of the primate of all England, the Archbishop of Canterbury.

—The National Catholic Church of Italy, formed in 1870 by the union of Churches which had chiefly been organized through foreign help, reports a "considerable increase in

the number of our adherents, especially among the high dignitaries of the Church and the laity of the southern provinces, particularly in Calabria, Apulia, Basilicata, and Salerno." The Church has a bishop-elect, Prota-Giurleo, who is waiting consecration by the bishops of the Church of Russia. He was chosen in 1876, but the Eastern war has interfered with his consecration thus far. The National Church of Italy is in cordial relations with the Old Catholics of Germany, France, and Switzerland.

—The Waldensian Church now numbers five Presbyteries, in which there are forty churches, sixteen stations, fifty places regularly visited, and one hundred and three agents, including pastors, evangelists, teachers, and colporteurs. It has on its roll 2,268 com-

municants, and has 1,847 pupils in the day-schools.

—Twenty years ago there was not a single Protestant who dared avow himself as such in the Ottoman Empire. There are now one hundred and fifty missionaries in the field, fifty native pastors, seventy native Churches, and twenty thousand enrolled Protestants.

—The question of a union of the Episcopal and Presbyterian Churches in Ireland is now being discussed and receives a good deal of favor from both sides. The *Ulster Gazette*, speaking for the Episcopalians, says, there being no longer any connection between Church and State, and all Churches being on a level, there ought to be "one Church, one purse, and one great Protestant net-work spread over the whole country."

CURIOUS AND USEFUL.

BIBLIOMANIA.—What isn't a book-lover—we had better say a book-worm—capable of in the line of eccentricity? Bibliomania has been called, and not inaptly, "the most slowly ruinous of the passions." The process is as gradual as poisoning by coffee was said to be by Voltaire. M. Claudin, the well-known French publisher, has recently noted down some of his quaint experiences with book collectors; and most interesting reading it makes for those who would learn what a man can come to who courts to be a bibliophile. We have room only for the story Claudin tells of one of the most eccentric of these eccentrics. Motteley, the illiterate book-hunter, whose own collection was burned by the communards in the Louvre, had one favorite among the works in the Palais Royale. He adored "*Le Grand Perceforest*," six volumes folio vellum, 1528, "the most beautiful book in the whole world." When the friends of freedom invaded the Palais Royale in 1848 they began, in obedience to the instincts of a crowd, to burn the books. Motteley heard of the thing. He rushed to the scene of destruction. "*Ce n'est plus un bibliophile; c'est un lion, c'est un apôtre!*" "*Burn books!*" he cried; "*you are not men; you are beasts!*" The mob made a pile of books, laid Motteley on it, and prepared

to set a light to the pyre. Ah, what a death for an amateur! "*O Voltaire,*" cried Motteley, "*it is not the parliaments that burn books to-day; it is the good people of Paris.*" The appeal to Voltaire saved Motteley, as the mention of Solon in a parallel case saved Cressus. The crowd loosed him and let him go. He was not contented. He prowled in the neighborhood till night-fall, when he managed to ascertain that "*Perceforest*" was still safe. He had a fixed idea that perfidious Albion was intriguing to get the volume, and, indeed, seems to have believed that the Revolution was stirred by English gold for no other purpose. He was only satisfied when he had brought "*Perceforest*" under the notice of the Provisional Government, who promised to keep an eye on the movements of England.

LITERARY PARALLELISMS.—There is frequently a coincidence of thought among literary men, and literary history abounds in examples of parallelism of idea. But it does not by any manner of means follow that Disraeli, in "*Lothair*," describing critics as "*men who had failed in literature and art,*" was any the less amusing or instructive because Shenstone had given the same thought with additions and improvements before him:

"A poet that fails often becomes a morose critic; weak white wine makes excellent vinegar." Nor was Shenstone in his time, probably, less amusing or instructive because Dryden, in his dedication of his "Translations of Ovid," wrote that Sackville said something very similar to Shenstone. Matthew Prior was wont, in the intervals of cork-drawing in his uncle's ale-houses, to read Horace's "Odes." On one occasion the Earl of Dorset found Prior while thus recreating, and Dorset, instead of ridiculing Prior, behaved kindly to him, for which Prior in return celebrated the solidity of the Earl's judgment. Among other complimentary remarks, Prior called every one of the peer's pieces "an ingot of gold" intrinsically valuable, and such as wrought or beaten thinner would "shine" through a whole book of any other author. Whately, in his preface to Bacon's "Essays," uses the same metaphor. The essays are "gold ingots," not needing to be gilt or polished, but requiring to be hammered out in order to display their full value.

In a poem addressed to Charles Montague, afterward Earl of Halifax, his collaborateur to a very small extent in the "Town-mouse and Country-mouse," the celebrated parody of Dryden's "Hind and Panther," Prior says:

"From ignorance our comfort flows,
The only wretched are the wise."

Gray, in his ode "On a Distant Prospect of Eton College," observing the Eton boys playing, whom he describes as little victims regardless of their doom, without thought of the morrow, is of opinion that it is better so:

"Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."

Prior, in his "Solomon," says:

"Amid two seas, on a small point of land,
Wearied, uncertain, and amazed, we stand."

And our own Charles Wesley, who, with his brother John, highly estimated Prior's "Solomon," and counted it much preferable to Pope's "Essay on Man," sings in one of his hymns:

"Lo, on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand."

It is not so much the perfection of sense or conception, writes Pope, in a letter to Walsh, to say things never said before, as to express that best which has been said oftenest.

DUN.—This is a word of consequence, for it is at once a verb and a noun, and is derived from the Saxon *dunan*, to din or clamor. It owes its immortality—so tradition says—to having been the surname of one Joe Dun, a famous bailiff of Lincoln, in the reign of Henry VII, who was so active and dexterous in collecting bad debts that when any one became "slow to pay" the neighbors used to say, "Dun him;" that is, send Dun after him.

PARIS EXHIBITION.—One of the most noteworthy departments at our Centennial Exhibition was that of the Japanese. At Paris they will, if possible, make a still grander display, and seek to eclipse all other nationalities. The gentleman who is in charge of the Japanese Department at the "International" is one of the most cultured Mongolians Europe has ever had the pleasure of welcoming. He has enjoyed all the advantages of Eastern and Western training. He resided for nine years in France and thoroughly studied European civilization, and how he profited by his researches was manifest in the reforms he introduced or caused to be introduced. One of the most important reform measures Mr. Maida caused his countrymen to adopt was the establishment of an agricultural school at Yeddo, where European trees and plants are cultivated, and the vine and beet-root have already been grown with profit. Among other displays of the Japanese there is the best work of twenty-four of the most influential companies engaged in the bronze, lacquer, and china manufactures, and a show of Japanese trees and flowers, which all arrived in excellent condition at Paris, and were transplanted by gardeners brought over from Japan by Mr. Maida. Besides this, there is the pick of the best Japanese museums on exhibition, and Japanomaniacs can gratify their wildest hopes.

CHINESE MONEY.—The Chinese probably illustrate in the most extreme manner the length to which loose views concerning currency can be carried. The history of their currency presents that mingling of the grotesque with the tragic which most of their actions have been viewed through Western eyes. Coined money was known among them as early as the eleventh century before Christ, but their inability to comprehend the principles upon which a currency could be based has

led them into all sorts of extravagances, which have been attended by disorder, famine, and bloodshed. Coins came at last to be made so thin that one thousand of them piled together were only three inches high; then gold and silver were abandoned; and copper, tin, shells, skins, stones, and paper, were given a fixed value, and used until, by abuse, all the advantages to be derived from the use of money were lost, and there was nothing left for the people to do but to go back to barter, and this they did more than once. They can not be said now to have a coinage; two thousand nine hundred years ago they made round coins with a square hole in the middle, and they have made no advance beyond that since. The well-known *cash* is a cast-brass coin of that description, and, although it is valued at about one mill and a half of our money, and has to be strung in lots of one thousand to be computed with any ease, it is the sole measure of value and legal tender of the country. Spanish, Mexican, and our new trade dollars, are employed in China; they pass because they are necessary for larger operations, and because faith in their standard value has become established; but they are current simply as stamped ingots, with their weight and fineness indicated.

A NOVEL USE OF THE TELEGRAPH has lately been adopted by the Norwegian Government. As is well known, the herring fishery forms one of the most important sources of income for the country, the captures being made as the great shoals come from the depths of the

sea to deposit their spawn in the Norwegian fiords. It frequently happens that the object of their visit is accomplished, and they return to the ocean before the news of their arrival reaches the fishers on the distant part of the coast. This difficulty is now obviated by the construction of a telegraphic line two hundred kilometers in length, composed chiefly of submarine cables, by means of which the fishers along the whole coast are enabled to gather at once on the approach of a shoal to any particular fiord. The abundant captures made in this way show the investment in telegraphic wire to have been a most profitable speculation.

MOUNT TONGARIRO.—The celebrated burning mountain of New Zealand, Tongariro, has at last been explored by an Englishman, Mr. P. F. Connelly. The volcano is regarded as taboo, or sacred, by the Maoris, who have hitherto resisted all attempts to explore the mountain on the part of the colonists. The volcano is situated nearly in the center of North Island, and though only six thousand five hundred feet high, is less accessible than either Mount Edgecumbe or Ruapehu, both of which exceed ten thousand feet in height.

PARIS EXPOSITION.—The Philadelphia *Public Ledger* says that the Philadelphia Peace Society has sent a number of articles to the Paris Exhibition including a plough, the shares of which are made of swords, and the beam of a scabbard. The shares (five in number) are made of two swords, one of which was used in the Mexican War and the other in the Rebellion.

LITERATURE.

WHILE the twelve months' serial, "That Boy," was making its way, in monthly installments, through the pages of the REPOSITORY during all of last year, our editorial relations to it imposed silence. To praise our own has never been our practice, and it did not seem necessary that we should signify our dissent, if at some minor points there were found in it utterances and opinions that we could not exactly approve. We considered the story, as, on the whole, a rather creditable pro-

duction, and as such we were quite willing to leave it to the appreciation of our readers. But the case is entirely changed by the appearance of that story in book form,* a veritable novel, though bearing the imprint of a religious publishing house. This brings it under our critical notice, and invites us to use liber-

* THAT BOY: Who Shall Have Him? By Rev. W. H. Daniels, A. M., author of "D. L. Moody and His Work," etc. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. New York: Nelson & Phillips.

ties with it, which before we could not. The book challenges our "notice," and it shall have it.

It is a duodecimo of four hundred and thirty-four pages, handsomely printed on fine, white paper, illustrated with wood-cuts, and bound (our copy) in embossed cloth. It makes a very fair book, in its outward appearance. Its matter is the same that appeared in these columns during last year, with only slight changes. The inevitable "Preface" brings the writer personally into view, with his apology for what he has said. That is usually a perilous position, and it may be doubted whether our author has wholly escaped the danger so incurred. He confesses the *theological* purpose of his writing and justifies his doings by assuming that much of the divinity of the schools is a caricature of the Divine character. All that may be correct, though the speaking of caricatures suggests the thought that possibly the theology of the novelist may be only a caricature of that of which it professes to be a portrait.

The "fundamental" differences about which many a severe battle has been fought have sometimes been only diverse definitions of the same things; and the absurdities of an opponent's positions, that are discovered and made a show of, have been, in many cases, the results of misconceptions on the part of the critic. It is an easy thing to demolish somebody's man of straw, which the assailant himself sets up, while, at the same time, he prudently avoided making an attack on the stronghold where his antagonist was intrenched. But we do not purpose to pass judgment on the theology of "That Boy;" we are only thinking what might be done. A good caricaturist is a genius, and we are not disposed to dispute our author's title to the credit of having succeeded in that art, and would name as successful instances of its use, both broad and elegant, the account of the "classics" taught in the university, and the divinity held forth at the theological school. But since shams of all kinds are legitimate objects for satires and caricatures, we rather enjoy the free handling given to a number of these in this volume. On the whole we like "That Boy." It is a wholesome book, and may be read to profit, though probably it will be chiefly read for amusement. It will, of course, be understood

that the writer does not set himself as an authority, either in philosophy or the classics, or in theology; and if he relates some things that are not found either in philosophy or the Bible, perhaps they may be quite harmless. Nobody reads "Gulliver's Travels" or "Robinson Crusoe" as veritable records of facts, and yet they are charming books, and all kinds of people read them. So if any body shall say that "That Boy" is neither theology nor science, nor good dramatic fiction, its being will be justified so long as people like to read it. The adage, "The proof of the pudding is in the eating," should rather read, "in its being eaten."

NEARLY thirty years ago Dr. Edward Beecher gave to the public his "Conflict of Ages." That was rather a remarkable production, propounding a novel theory, or rather reviving and reconstructing an old one, by which to account for the recognized and confessed prevalence of sin and misery in the world. The work was learned, ingenious, and elaborate, deeply serious, but not especially reverential; but it scarcely produced a ripple on the current of popular religious thinking, and very soon passed away from the public thought. But the same general line of discussion is now in vogue, and the venerable author again comes to the front with another work* on a kindred theme,—though it is something quite different from the former one, in both its substance and its method,—on "The Scriptural Doctrine of Retribution," which he discusses both historically and exegetically. But though professedly a historical inquiry, it is, in fact, a plea for a predetermined issue of the question in hand, for which purpose historical facts are arranged to the best possible advantage, and both the historical and the exegetic argument are plied with the zeal and something of the skill of an advocate.

The writer concedes the reality of future retribution, and also acknowledges that the Scriptures contain no intimations of future restoration, while the notion of annihilation seems to be considered as at once absurd and abhorrent. Still he insists that if some other interpretation of a certain Greek word than

* HISTORY OF OPINIONS ON THE SCRIPTURAL DOCTRINE OF RETRIBUTION. By Edward Beecher, D. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. Pp. 334.

that which appears to have prevailed in its use, both in the classics and in patristic literature, can be found out, then, through that, may be opened a way of escape from the prevalent orthodox notion of the unchangeableness of the "perdition of ungodly men." When that word is employed to indicate the duration of the state of bliss into which saved souls are introduced, all agree that it means "everlasting," "without end;" but when applied to the doom of the lost, though found in the same sentence, it *must* mean something else.

In examining this book, and scanning its arguments and admissions, and comparing these with the conclusions reached, we were reminded of a quiet discussion held among a few friends some years ago, upon just these subjects. A leading speaker in the conversation, then a distinguished pastor, now a high Church dignitary, who seemed inclined to make *eternal* something less than *everlasting* (though both are used as English equivalents for the same word in the Greek), having gone over the New Testament argument, pushed the book from him, with the exclamation, "It is full of hell and damnation." Then the conversation turned to the philosophical side of the subject, when it was conceded that the characters formed in this life pass into the next, and by the natural tendencies of the laws of habit become fixed and irreversible, so giving no hope for restoration. Then, when it was asked, why not accept such arguments as decisive of the case, his half-impassioned answer was, "I don't like it!" The beginning, process, and ending of Dr. Beecher's arguments, with which he fills a volume, were comprised in that informal conversation. Men do not *like* to believe what God has written in his Book, and wrought into the human soul; and, therefore, they employ their learned skill and ingenuity to read these things in quite a different sense from that obviously expressed. It would sound harsh to denominate this process "a refuge of lies;" nevertheless, it has an uncomfortable likeness to something of that kind.

THE current discussion of the question of future retribution is manifestly influencing the book trade. The religious book-sellers are sending out long catalogues of former issues, many of them old shop-keepers; and the publishers announce new books on all sides of the

subject. Among these we have seen no other that seems so well to answer to the requirements of the case as the little work by Rev. D. Dorchester, of Boston, just issued by D. Lothrop & Co. In a series of three lectures, originally delivered before the School of Theology of Boston University, and now printed in a neat volume,* the lecturer presents, in copious quotations, from a large number of their best writers, the concessions of liberalists in favor of some of the principal doctrines of the generally accepted orthodoxy. The themes of these lectures severally are:

(1). *The Deity of Christ*, in which is included the Doctrine of the Trinity. (2). *The Atonement*. (3). *Endless Punishment*. On all these points the writer seems to be thoroughly orthodox, according to the strictest sect of old school theologians; and within the themes discussed he comprehends a whole body of divinity. And then, for fuller arguments and illustrations upon these points, copious extracts are made from the writings or other public utterances of a large number of the great lights of the liberalistic school of theology.

The discussion of the doctrine of future retribution is especially full and clear, and altogether manly in its character. Placing himself squarely on the old time doctrine of the "perdition of ungodly men," he cites his liberalist authorities at considerable length to establish all his positions, and to disprove by their testimony or arguments every objection that has been so often and confidently urged against the traditional doctrine of the Church on that subject. And last of all, to this array of "concessions," the writer adds, somewhat in the form of a judicial summary, six concise, but comprehensive "inferences," at once logically sound, and spiritually refreshing. A single sentence from the first one of these will indicate the character of the whole:

"A candid and discriminating review of the foregoing concessions will show that those who have stood theoretically and ecclesiastically opposed to orthodoxy have either squarely yielded the three most distinguishing doctrines of that system which have been under consideration, or have made free and generous declarations, in which the vital and underlying truths in these

* CONCESSIONS OF LIBERALISTS TO ORTHODOXY. By Daniel Dorchester, D. D. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 16mo. Pp. 343.

doctrines are substantially conceded, while they still cautiously hesitate to accept the technical formulas in which they are usually stated by evangelical divines."

AMONG the announcements for new publications soon to be forthcoming is one by D. Appleton & Co. of a New Testament commentary in two octavo volumes, on a rather novel and unique plan. It is called the "Bible Reader's Commentary," and according to the announcement made on its title-page, it is "a consolidation of the four gospels in one chronological narrative; with the text arranged in sections, with brief readings and complete annotations, selected from the choice and best observations of more than a hundred eminent Christian thinkers of the past and present." This method of harmonizing the four gospels in a continuous narrative is an old and much-used method, and for some purposes it has most decided advantages. But the chief peculiarity of this work is the form of its comments, which consist of paragraphs selected for each text from a multitude of authors. This supplies many rich morsels, but it must fail of a continuous unfolding of the sacred narrative, while exegesis is wholly out of the question. The work will be, in fact, a vast scrap-book of Biblical illustrations and applications. It is under the editorial care of Dr. J. Glentworth Butler.

STILL another little volume has been added to the series of "Harper's Greek and Latin Texts,"—"Platonis Dialogi VI, Ex Recensione C. F. Hermanni." It is a 16mo, of 327 pages, made up of the text, and absolutely nothing else. The Greek letters, though rather small, are clear and distinct. It makes a beautiful page, and almost awakened the wish to be a school-boy again, in order to study Plato from such a text-book.

SOME tolerable degree of acquaintance with the affairs of the early Church is necessary to a proper understanding of the doctrines and the general forms and conditions of the Christian life, as they have come down to us through the ages. The provisions for the attainment of such knowledge are abundant and valuable; but except for special students, they are generally so elaborate and voluminous as to render them unavailable. The great want of ordinarily intelligent readers is well-prepared digests, and comprehensive epitomes of the various divisions and

special themes of this general subject,—works, not less learned than others, but condensed as to their fullness of details, and simplified as to their language and methods of illustration. And all these requisites seem to be happily united in the series of historical monographs of early Christianity, prepared by Pasteur de Pressensé, and reproduced in English, by the Methodist publishing houses, east and west, in four volumes,* having been preceded by a preliminary one, published several years ago, on the "Life and Work of Christ," the whole together forming a comprehensive and also comprehensible library of early Christian history, in the best sense of that term.

There is a decided advantage in treating so large a subject in distinct parts, by monographs; and in this case it was the more easy to pursue that method because the chronological order of the development of these themes agrees to a considerable extent with the order here adopted. This is more especially the case with the first three volumes as they occur in order, while the last, as the outcome of the Church's progress during all these periods, is properly placed last. And when to the consideration of a natural order of arrangement are added those of a thorough acquaintance with his subject on the part of the writer, and a most luminous and felicitous style of writing, there would seem to be an unusually happy blending of favorable conditions of successful authorship. The author is at once liberal and independent, often departing rather widely from traditional notions and methods of statements, and yet he is decidedly, even fervidly, evangelical.

The translation is thoroughly well done. It is really a rendering of the subject matter out of the original French into pure and idiomatic English, so that only the faintest flavor of the style of the original can be detected. The publishers, too, have done their part of the work entirely satisfactorily; and together these four volumes of early Christian history make up a little library of real and not inconsiderable value.

* THE EARLY YEARS OF CHRISTIANITY. By E. de Pressensé, D. D. Translated by Annie Harwood. I. The Apostolic Era. II. Heresy and Christian Doctrine. III. Martyrs and Apologists. IV. Christian Life and Practice in the Early Church. New York: Nelson & Phillips. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. 12mo. Pp. 536, 479, 654, 528.

EX CATHEDRA

THE "DECLINE OF METHODISM."

It has become a kind of stock subject with certain journals, both religious and secular, and with a class of overwise speculatists in Church affairs, to dilate upon the "decline of Methodism." And they assume their adverse conclusions with such an air of assurance, and perhaps so well sustain them by fragmentary statistics, that they evidently convince one another, and that part of the public who want to be so convinced, that their subject is certainly in the last stages of a hasty consumption. And then it is wonderful to note the learned philosophizings and the profound discussions and the sentimental moralizings over the subject, with funereal expressions of sorrow, which very thinly and imperfectly veil the real satisfaction that their strange conclusions afford them.

Whatever of annoyance we may have felt at all this has been more than balanced by the instruction and amusement that it has afforded. It is an old sarcasm, but not without its truth and appositeness, that a man must die before he can have justice done to his better parts; and accordingly, since it has been ascertained that Methodism is indeed *moribund*, it is surprising how many good things have been said of it by these uninvited speakers at its funeral. We have sometimes thought that if dead men could only hear all that is said over their coffins they would, if a little given to vanity, think it really a fine thing to be dead; but if possessed of either good taste or honest self-respect they would be made both ashamed and indignant. Praise is very cheap when it is given to one who can not possibly become a rival; and for having gotten out of the way of his survivors one may be forgiven a great many past offenses, real or imaginary, and also have all his possible excellences rated at their full value. And so Methodism, already defunct, or staggering upon its last legs, seems likely to be followed into the oblivion to which it is assumed to be hastening with a sufficiency of empty praises and crocodiles' tears.

But after the funeral eulogies have been duly said, it is only right and proper to inquire for and duly register the occasion of its

taking off. And here we are met by as many mutually incompatible theories as there are speakers or writers. Some find it in the original constitution of the subject, and others in a lack of following out the requirements of a most excellent constitution. Some of these wiseacres find,—each his own,—some one fatal element in the body ecclesiastic, and yet others find that its disastrous state is the result of a complication of antagonistic causes. It has been governed too much, we are told; and in the same breath, from the same mouth, it is said that the system has been ruined by not following out its own principles of life and action. Especially are we assured that its distinctive characteristics are all very bad; its class-meetings are "played out," the probation system is ruinous, and its itinerancy is wholly incompatible with Church growth. One of our great dailies speaks oracularly of the coming change as inevitable, and that which, no doubt, may be for the best, but still patronizingly whines about "its having accomplished so much in the past in aiding to evangelize the world that it would be a serious loss to Christianity if Methodism should lose its foothold among the leading sects of Protestantism;" and to escape so great a calamity for itself and others it is seriously conjured to consent to cease to be itself, and to submit to become something quite different. One of our religious papers takes up the refrain, but finds the fatal evil, by which Methodism is so rapidly coming to grief, not so much in its polity as in its creed, and specifically in its lack of the stamina of Calvinism, without which ecclesiastical decay and extinction are inevitable. But the whole chorus of these prophets of evil is too long for transcription; and in whatever they may differ they all agree that Methodism is surely and rapidly passing away.

Before proceeding to the inquiry about the correctness or otherwise of any or all of these theories for accounting for the "decline of Methodism," it might not be amiss to examine into the truth or falsehood of the primary proposition. Is Methodism declining? The oft-told story about the learned discussion as to why it is that a living fish put into a vessel of water does

not increase its weight? may properly be here considered. The great savants to whom the question was submitted had each his own scientific solution for the problem—no two agreeing, however; till at length it was proposed to test the truth of the proposition itself by experiment, when of course it proved to be incorrect. So in this case it might be wise first to know whether or not Methodism is declining before any more strength is expended in determining the cause of such a decline. We will, therefore, compare the statistics of the body—as to its substantial conditions—for two distinct years, at an interval of eleven years from each other:

Years.	Full Members.	Effective Ministers.	Church Property.
1866.....	871,113	6,287.	\$30,014,962
1877.....	1,896,120	8,231	80,306,181
Gains ...	525,007	1,946	50,291,219

Years.	Sunday-schools.	Officers and Teachers.	Scholars.
1866.....	13,045	162,191	980,022
1877.....	19,346	204,964	1,426,946
Gains ...	6,301	42,773	446,924

It will be seen that during this term of twelve years, coming down to the present, the membership of the Church increased at the rate of nearly sixty per cent; the effective ministry by not far from thirty per cent; the Church property by over a hundred and sixty-six per cent; and the Sunday-schools, in their three departments, by forty-eight, twenty-six and a half, and forty-four per cent. All this does not show a very rapid decline in any of these departments of the Church's affairs. And this so far disposes of the question that any pretense that there has been any decline devolves the burden of proof of that fact on those who assert it. Till that is done we are at liberty to assume that, instead of being a feeble and dying system, American Methodism is eminently and most remarkably vigorous and progressive, and the proper subject of inquiry in respect to it relates to its extraordinary vigor and increase.

A system of evangelical propaganda that achieves such wonderful results must contain in itself the conditions that insure its success; and, since it very far outstrips every competitor in the race, the secret of its effectiveness must reside in its peculiarities. These are its class-meetings, its probation system, and its

itinerant ministry. In having and using these Methodism is peculiar; and, therefore, it is only reasonable to presume that its exceptional success is due to these particulars, by which it is so distinguished from all others. It would not be difficult to point out how these specialties of our system are made effective of such excellent results, but that is not now called for; our simple purpose in this writing being only to show the baselessness of the fancy that the mission of Methodism is at an end and that the time for its decadence has come. It has, indeed, very largely assimilated all the other evangelical denominations to its methods and its doctrinal statements, by which they, too, are greatly profited; but the world never had greater need of the presence and power of Methodism than at this very time.

We have no taste for any ostentatious display of our Church's successes; and while we would, as in duty bound, confess the good hand of God that has been with us, we would in all humility confess rather our shortcomings and unfaithfulness. And we would always remember that Church organizations and methods of administration, however excellent, can not by their own efficiency accomplish any thing. The good done by Methodism has been accomplished, on the human side, chiefly by the Christian zeal and fidelity of those who have been charged with its interests. Its devoted and self-denying itinerant ministers have been its most effective agents, and as always hitherto, so now, the strength of Methodism as a divinely employed agency for evangelical propaganda and Christian nurture resides in her faithful pastors, the rank and file of the itinerancy.

To the thoughtful mind, however, this vast growth of Methodism must suggest other thoughts than those of joyous exultation or of devout thanksgiving. The very magnitude to which the body has grown may well occasion some degree of concern in respect to the future direction of so vast an aggregation of persons and interests and agencies. While its ministers amounted to only a few hundreds, and its membership to only a few tens of thousands, with little else than purely spiritual interests to care for, the task was a simple one and easily accomplished. But with its vastly increased numbers of ministers and members, and with all the multiplied complications of

the Church's work, new and formidable difficulties appear. A much higher order of ecclesiastical statesmanship is now required to manage wisely and safely the Church's affairs than has sufficed in former times. Growth and development demand adaptations. To stand still in our present positions, or simply to move on in the old ruts, must bring dwarfing and death; but who shall direct the new departure, and so unite progress and conservatism that the attainments of our first century shall go on in their proper ratio of increase all through the coming years? Only He who led the fathers in the Wilderness can bring their children into the Promised Land.

GENERAL GRANT IN EUROPE.

It has not always been the case that Americans abroad have brought honor to their own country; though, in not a few instances, no doubt, this has been the case. But sometimes our democratic diplomats have sadly failed, either from want of culture or common sense or moral worth, to honor those they were appointed to represent; and still more have some of our citizens, visiting foreign countries, brought discredit upon our national character. It is gratifying, however, to observe that the better and more intelligent classes of the people of the Old World clearly discriminate between the genuine and the meretricious in the American character, and that they are quite ready to acknowledge and honor real worth when properly presented to them. Mr. Seward's celebrated tour round the world demonstrated something of the respect with which an American statesman, though traveling only as a private citizen, could be received and treated by the magnates of the Old World; but the full measure of this form of honor seems to have been reserved for our ex-president. During all his protracted and varied journeyings, wherever he has come, the heads of the various kingdoms and states have seemed to vie with each other in doing him honor. His reception in Great Britain was all that either himself or his countrymen could have asked, and yet the frank but relatively unostentatious treatment shown him in that country has been quite thrown into the shade by the ovations which he has received among the crowned heads and chief dignitaries of Continental Europe. No doubt the

honors so abundantly showered upon him are intended, to a considerable degree, to be understood as bestowed upon the country of which he is the honored representative. And probably beyond almost any other of our public men that have gone beyond the sea, General Grant is a representative American. Unlike his immediate predecessor in the presidency, he has had no occasion to refer to his plebeian origin; for, though springing from among the common people, he is in mind and in character and in culture the peer of the best class of his fellow-citizens; and yet, by virtue of his childhood's surroundings and of his experiences and associations among his countrymen, he grew up in the truest sense an American; and that genuine simplicity of character seems to have remained unchanged through all the years and the varieties of his unexampled successes.

General Grant has been called to render a variety of most important services to his country, and in whatever position he has been placed he has proved equal to its demands. The service that he is now rendering is probably scarcely inferior, in its ultimate value, to any other, whether in military or political life; and his fellow-citizen may very properly watch his proceedings with much interest, and felicitate him and themselves in view of his modest yet triumphal progress among the courts and cabinets of the kingdoms of Europe.

Removed from the smoke and dust of our political conflicts, his real excellence of character, the keenness of his perceptions, and the breadth of his judgment, and, above all, his honest common sense, is recognized as never before. Distance, whether of space or time, is often a necessary condition to a clear and comprehensive view of a grand and noble object; the first form, of distance, is secured for our illustrious ex-president by his removal over the ocean, and the result is manifest; the lapse of time will also give him the advantage of historical sanctity and that true elevation in the public mind which time always bestows upon the really great.

But General Grant is yet only in the zenith of his intellectual manhood. Have we such an abundance of great men to look after the public welfare that such talents may lie unused? Perhaps some day the American people will give that question a practical form.

